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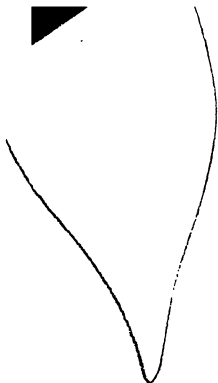
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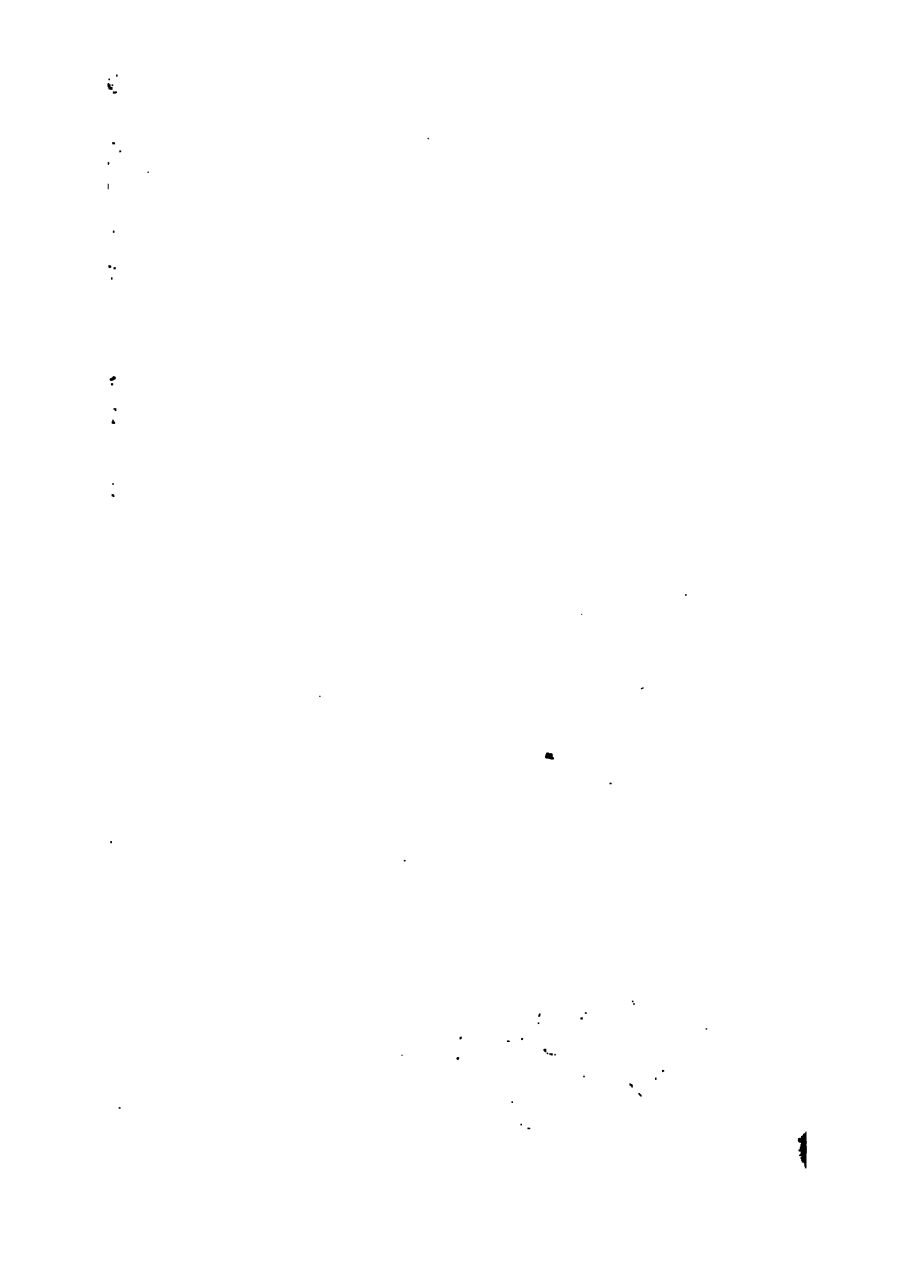
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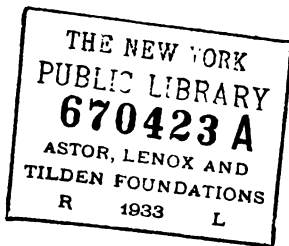
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In The Orchard Of Forbidden Fruit

By
DON SULLINGTON

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PREFACE

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

What man knows should find expression in what he does. The only value of expert knowledge is where it leads to the performance of something good.

As soon as the knowledge came to me that a concise compilation of the Vice question would be of material worth to the community at large, both as an educational means, and as a means of warning the unsuspecting, I at once put to the best possible purpose my superior knowledge of the question.

In many ways nature has been kind to me, as it endowed me with keen

preceptive powers, a retentive memory, and mental vigor, by means of which I have accumulated an amazing array of general information on this rather delicate subject.

The writer's intent was that the book be clear and forceful, and not contain needless repetitions or tiresome circumlocution in its composition. It was attempted to embody in each sentence a resplendent order of wit, wisdom, humor, and satire. What success has been attained in that direction is left with the reader to judge.

To a young newspaper woman friend I must give some credit for able assistance and sound advice. Who, but a newspaper woman, could do it so well? From the palatial home to the prison cell she has interviewed womankind. She knows women as I know men. Her faith in womankind, her sureness of the uplift of the fallen, her devotion to truth, caused her to per-

suade the striking from these pages a telling truth she would not have you know—the unveiling of woman's immodesty.

The object of this book is not to amuse or entertain. I have aspired to arouse public sentiment in the interest of certain reforms. I hate sham, fraud, hypocrisy and deceit.

I have made of Truth a whip with which to scourge from the temple of social purity every intruder therein. I have joined no partisan scheme or plan, but confident of my own ground, stand alone in defiance of unclean living, and thriving prostitution of the elect and elite.

DON SULLINGTON.

CHAPTER I

A WORLD'S PROBLEM UNSOLVED

"More women sin for gay attire
Than sin through passion's blinding fire;
More women sin for want of gold
Than sin through love, if truth were told."

At least, that is the way that Ella Wheeler Wilcox once wrote it, and I am disposed to believe Ella. For she always had a way of convincing me of her superior knowledge of the doings of humans in the love and sin world. But, I cannot say, that this is to be a love story, on the other hand, it is intended as an explanatory sin story, therefore, I will be unable to use Ella's love theories and panaceas.

This is distinctly a vice story, and is based on the theory of the Arabian

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Proverb, that, the willing contemplation of vice is vice. It is hoped it may purify the moral atmosphere somewhat by explaining the true situation as regarding immorality.

Every age and nation have certain characteristic vices, which prevail almost universally, which scarcely any person scruples to avow, and which even rigid moralists but faintly censure. Succeeding generations change the fashion of their morals with the fashion of their hats and their automobiles; take some other kind of wickedness under their patronage, and wonder at the depravity of their ancestors.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number. So blinded are we to our passions, that we suffer more to insure perdition than salvation. Religion does not forbid the rational enjoyments of life as sternly as avarice

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forbids them. She does not require such sacrifices of ease as ambition; or such renunciation of quiet as pride. She does not murder sleep like dissipations; or health like intemperance; or scatter wealth like extravagance or gambling. She does not embitter life like discord; or shorten it like immoral living; or harrow it like revenge. She does not impose more vigilance than suspicion; more anxiety than selfishness; or half as many mortifications as vanity.

The good make a better bargain, and the bad a worse, than is usually supposed; for the rewards of the one, and the punishment of the other not unfrequently begin on this side of the grave; for vice has more martyrs than virtue; and it often happens that men suffer more to be damned than to be saved. One vice worn out makes us wiser than fifty preachers.

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Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or salubrious. The society of virtuous persons is enjoyed beyond their company, while vice carries a sting into solitude. The society or company you keep is both the indication of your character and the former of it. In vicious society you will feel your reverence for the dictates of conscience wear off, and that name at which angels bow and devils tremble, you will hear condemned and abused. The Bible will supply materials for unmeaning jest or impious buffoonery; the consequence of this will be a practical deviation from virtue, the principles will become sapped, the fences of conscience broken down; and when debauchery has corrupted the character a total inversion will take place, and the sinner will glory in his shame.

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St. Augustine teaches that there is in each man a Serpent, an Eve, and an Adam. Our senses and natural propensities are the Serpent; the excitable desire is Eve; and the reason is Adam. Our nature tempts us perpetually; criminal desire is often excited; but sin is not completed till reason consents. It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful, and yet salutary to think of, for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in the field of life, without sentinels of watchfulness and camp-fires of prayer. But, be it remembered, that the absence of temptation is the absence of virtue.

But when you learn something of another's shame and downfall, before

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you express your profound opinion on the subject, thereby condemning some unfortunate, be merciful enough to say to yourself: "What, what, would I do had I been in that person's place?" Bring it to your own mind and heart, mentally portray yourself in the delineations of shame, tears, public censure; then, if you are human, with one particle of nobility in your moral makeup, you will bow your head and leave unsaid what you might have said, and, certainly, your victim will be in the hands of his Maker, whose forgiveness is all that is needed.

I say this because of what has taken place during the past few years, the strenuous fight in a land to improve its moral conditions. Immorality is a monster, like unto that vile creature which, when it loses one head, quickly grows another. If politicians, civic leaders, and the whole army of men

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and women from the religious world believe they have succeeded in destroying that monster which has crept over this old earth from the time it writhed from the first dust of the ages, they must know how deathless it is! Waves of sound are endless. Still reverberates throughout space the Voice unto the Serpent, "cursed art thou." And who can deny that the sin of this country which knows little or no abatement, is, indeed, this cursed condition?

Temptation and disobedience! An expulsion from Eden was no greater punishment for an offense committed there, than the human heart which sins and trails on the soul the ball and chain of deep remorse. It is to get to those who heed not, who waver in their fine resolves, who need moral support, that so much is done and is being done. But the rainbow of hope

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over a world of stormy strife, lacks faithful promise, for the sin of prostitution has not abated and what conditions were remedied are suffering today through the lack of a firmer determination to kill—not stun—this evil.

“I wisdom have made my dwelling,” is not thronged with many inhabitants. A cruel injustice falls on so many when we realize that, to a great extent, the reformers are practising in private what they condemn in public. Not all—anything but the shame hurled at the noble men and women who are so earnest in this human uplift! But how our faith suffers, how our confidence is actually crucified, when we hear of a certain chief of police who lives in one of our first cities, having directed his officers to make a clean sweep of the immoral districts and, by a premature discharge of such duties, the very

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officer himself was found in one of the houses!

But it is not my desire or wish to direct a malicious attack on would-be reformers; but it is necessary to have more and better reformers, a work to be done with sound sense and reasoning, devoid of all possible opportunities for official graft, the weak chain today in the link of circumstances and conditions.

CHAPTER II

INIQUITY REAPS CALAMITY

“He that soweth iniquity shall reap calamity” says the Proverb.

To understand sin some persons believe that all that is necessary is to know that such and such are sins, wrongs against God and civilization. Unfortunately many have no more idea of the extent of a grievous sin than a child who first hears of sin for some innocent offense. It is not necessary to become a perpetrator to acquaint onesself with conditions; but it is necessary to study conditions, and you can't get truth and every-day facts from a person whose mentality has never extended beyond the top of his mahogany desk. These desk

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writers and our eloquent silver-tongued orators do expound great truths; but, and here is the idea, if you want to know the full extent of the crime we fight, you must study it in the human creature and the conditions surrounding his life after his offense. You may make good guess-work of it; though all the fine theories of an imaginative brain cannot conceive of what the old world has furnished in ages past up to the present day which has created a living Hell for men and women, and the offspring.

Our earlier ages were unrestrained by law or morality, and the female who lived the life of a wanton was as likely to be the lascivious queen of some human monster, if not more likely to be such than an unfortunate creature, such as we have today, the women we would save, and the well-kept pagan was beloved, worshipped, and

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frequently murdered or, as sin developed, set aside by a fairer conquest in her wicked world. The home of harlots was the home of wealth and the sin we would crush today was not regarded as a sin before the world was enlightened and the minds of men and women turned to what is lawful and in accordance with the mandates and precepts of civilization and religion—let one's creed be what it may.

Alexander conquered everything but himself. This is a condition today. Well we know from historical lore that his march from Greece to India was a drunken debauch. He burned Persepolis after a revel and died after a two days' carousal. More picturesque in sinful degradation is that of Nero on Lake Agrippa, whose shores were edged with porches, filled with women of rank and nude courtesans who debased themselves to the first comers.

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Caligula spent \$50,000 on a single supper. Nothing more debasing or revolting can be imagined than that feast which was as cunningly devised as if the devil himself had played caterer to the scene. Indecent pictures, suggestive ideas of immorality, disgusting scenes of unmentionable deeds were so remarkable for the superlative of outraged morals that its history has not been effaced from our classic literature, though we wonder why, in this struggle for purity, it has any place in literature, though it certainly contains one moral—always the right moral, that it was sure to reap its harvest in death—or worse.

Caesar Augustus at a supper deliberately took an ex-consul's wife from his side into his room. The dishonored pair, perhaps innocent and drunk—but innocent through ignorance, returned to complete their feast!

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Babylon had her orgies; Egypt was ever the scene of drunken and immoral festivities. Every city of foreign note gave evidence of this one great and terrible sin. When Chicago learned of it, it tried to embrace every sin that the old world had ever suggested, and, if you are a devotee, perhaps you have been somewhat original in improving on what is partly to be forgiven, knowing, as we do, that those days were, indeed, the Dark Days. Yet, even then, history records the pathetic stories of true virgins who rather than live the unwholesome lives preferred by queens and ladies, died by their own hands—but, listen—such deaths have been rare.

Do you want specific information of the sin that takes place in Chicago or any other city, big or small? Make the rounds of the streets, go into the hotels and cafes on any evening,

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say Saturday or Sunday. What will you see? The streets thronged with pleasure-seekers who sing and shout and stagger along, dragging their frail male or female friend with them. Cafes are filled with light and laughter. The bright lights, the flowers, the beautiful women are scenes to attract almost any man, particularly a lonely man or one who is friendless in a great city, and miserable for human companionship. The lure draws him as surely as the sun draws water from the earth. Every creed, class and condition are represented. Some are familiar with society's ways, and those, let the truth be known, are often of the real social world, and their money, their liberty in public, their purchased pleasures are the greatest factor for leading souls astray that the city must combat, for when was there a time when we have not had our aristocrats

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and their pitiful followers? Others are breaking into the game and are drinking their first glass of champagne, while the grocer and tailor bills remain unpaid. This class represents the will-o'-the-wisps that flutter to the bog instead of the pot of hidden gold, and the great army is made up mostly of innocent girlhood.

To satiate the body with strong food, stupify minds with drink—frequently drugs—to defile the lips with obscene stories, is one scene. Eyes as fiery as the cigarettes they smoke, men and women dance like satyrs, and with the abandon of bacchanals, until low-cut waists and high-slit skirts are brazenly and deliberately permitted to show and advertise for sale the charms which should be kept concealed.

Possibly you are innocent of these conditions. It is hoped you are. You may have been a light offender, pro-

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bably a mere on-looker. It is few men who know nothing of these conditions. You say you do not wish to see them or know anything concerning them. A modest, spineless wish. You may save yourself and you may protect your sisters and some of your children; but there may be one girl, possibly the flower of love in your heart, to whom this picturesque scene of revelry will strongly appeal. Other men's fair daughters have danced along the same way. And, when you stop to meditate on it, do you really, and truly know your own child? Yes—but not the moral nature. You do not know that—you only think that you know it. Remember that; for this is the fact that is a hinge to the story which strongly binds you to your child and a living condition in life to which you are morally obligated!

It calls for no imagination or fairy

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story to give you real data. I know of nothing that better illustrates just what I have told you than this pathetic story. Several years ago a man of the world, one who has sipped all the dregs from Life's wine cup, went into a fashionable cafe one New Year's night. He had not been drinking. He was preparing to do so. His companion was a man friend. He expected to join his own family who had engaged the table many weeks before the date of this night of revelry.

New Year's night is a solemn night, or should be. The devout pray, while the brawlers, careless of what the year may bring forth, ring bells, sing songs, dance, make merry, and that is innocent amusement until the senses totter under the wild desire to—Hell it out! Not a nice term, is it? But that is exactly how it is spoken.

Don't read a line more if this offends

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you. Why be ashamed of the truth, when you need to know the truth? Our man of the family did not know the truth. He was to learn it. He went into the cafe and laughed at the scene before him. His wife was not there! His table was unoccupied. A beauty, half nude, at least indecently clothed, was dancing on a table, kicking wine glasses and roses to the floor. Men were drinking, laughing and shouting. Women were radiant in artificial pleasure. But where was the daughter? He roved around, went first into one place, then another, passing men and women sitting on the floor, and stepping over the prostrate forms of young men, drunken before midnight. Then, in a cloak room he found his girl, dazed and drunk, lying in the arms of a paralyzed drunkard. With a scream and an oath, he sprang forward, caught up his little girl, left

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the cafe, never to return to it again! His wife returned home, escorted by a friend of his who was sober enough to get the woman home, let the hour be ever so late. And, listen to this, you will find this same scene year after year, worse or better, go where you will. It will repeat itself again this New Year!

Now do you see any obligation on your part to the city where you belong?

There are other night scenes. The old rounder is ever present, and is usually accompanied by a youthful maid. Boys, teetotalers at home, make fools of themselves; girls who are reputed modest, appear in scanty attire, drink, leer and talk in a way to break a mother's heart. Here and there are the painted women whose keen eyes stab, whose vampire lips suck life-blood, whose tresses are winding-sheets,

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and bodies the graves in which honor and purity are buried.

God made youth to enjoy itself, when it recounts the Past and hopes for the Future. But many had better dressed in a shroud, clasped hands with a leper and kissed a hissing viper than dress, drink and debauch as they do.

Too bad! Vice is first cursed, then caressed. God's good things are abused and not used and Sin spoils all, ruins the body, enfeebles the mind, lessens usefulness, strengthens bad habits to become greater sins, stains the memory, undermines self-respect, and destroys the soul!

CHAPTER III

APPLES OF ASHES

The Egyptians had mummies at their feasts to suggest death. At these modern, foul and unmentionable revels it might well suit the occasion to seat a skeleton at the head of the table to scare the sinner and cloy the epicure who one day will occupy his place.

High life is often low life. It is the refuse of time ripe for eternity, and its class needs the Gospel as much and more so than the so-called lower class. Sin leaves a red trail, and the fruits that grow by the highway have the tang of Dead Sea ashes on the palate. Karma pursues and exacts a penalty. The Masquerader, Death, leads the dance, crowns the midnight bowl,

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laughs at the merry-makers, then drops his mask and they "start, stare and despair."

A dying king dreamed that he would be royally met on the shores of the Great Beyond by a beautiful woman and led to a throne. Instead, he was welcomed by a horrible hag who leered and laughed at him. When he recoiled and asked who she was, she replied: "I am your sins and have come to live with you forever." Only a figure of speech—but, oh, how true its meaning!

Three years ago the officials of Chicago listened to the foolish theory of self-appointed purists, who promised to improve the moral atmosphere of this splendid city, by substituting scatteration for segregation. A mis-branded movement styled "Reform" swept over the city and segregated

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vice districts were closed and their inmates scattered throughout the city.

As a result, the best residence districts in Chicago have been infested by refugees from the immoral precincts. Hotels and rooming-houses shelter them as they ply their trade in secret. Street-walkers find easy work in theatres, cafes and other public places, including the post-office and railway stations. Plenty of opportunity is afforded lewd women of the half world to flaunt their charms before the eyes of school-boys and young men. And many a boy who would not think of visiting a questionable resort is, in this way, attracted, contaminated and, in many cases, started on a life of vice and debauchery by the experienced women who have been driven from their former haunts to make their living on the streets. Youth and ignorance are the wanton's first choice.

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The great trouble with some, not all, of these fiery reform movements is that they are conceived in the minds of persons who are agitating reforms from a theoretical standpoint, and, of course, such must be impractical. Reformers are not infrequently "society slummers" looking for interest thrills, maudlin excitement, if you please. A self-appointed reformer either knows his work or else he knows nothing concerning it, and the latter class, in many instances, has not understood conditions, one reason why the feeble efforts have failed in creating results. Too often they are able to influence or excite an ambitious official into thinking he can do great work, and incidently acquire some notoriety. They succeed in breaking up a district where the evil is segregated and the conditions which result against these attacks are much worse, as is proven,

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than they were before. The city evil is deserving of human sympathy, inasmuch as its greatest strength lies in Nature.

What is meant by the social evil? It is commonly understood to be immoral conduct, a violation of the laws and custom intended to regulate the procreative passion. The evil is probably as old as society itself, co-evil with mankind. History, tradition itself, goes not back to a time when statutes, confessedly human, or professedly divine, were capable of controlling the fierce fires that blaze within the blood—when all consuming Love was cold Reason's humble slave, and Passion yielded blind obedience unto Precept. This vice is no respecter of person, but "Society" classes are mercifully spared—with their money.

Properly policed segregated vice-

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districts is the greatest safeguard to young men and young women that any community can give until such times as it is possible to destroy this condition. The average woman of low character knows her place in "the district" and generally away from it. Often she is more modest than the foolish schoolgirl in the same place! When she comes to the city where there is a segregated district she goes there and stays there. There being no such place for her, she now goes to the hotel, the rooming-house or flat, and secretly plys her trade. It may be days, weeks or months before the police is aware of her presence; then she simply moves to the next community and proceeds as usual.

In one of our northern cities a few years ago, when segregation was abolished, and the "Madames" scat-

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tered, an unoccupied apartment adjoining that of a most religious county official was leased by a wealthy and handsome "Madame," and "her girls." The daughters of the official and these girls became very friendly and their identity was revealed by a detective who, one day, saw "the girls" and the officer's daughters together in a theatre box, merrymaking!

The underworld receives new recruits every day. If it were possible to reform men; if it were possible to keep men morally clean, there would be no necessity of attempting to reform women. The women would remain clean. Every time a woman goes wrong—some man helps her! She can't go wrong alone. It is a sad commentary on manhood, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the average man demands illicit relationship with the opposite sex. We can't uphold

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this condition. We would, indeed, destroy those unpardonable privileges, yet, as a fact and, even as a means of present safety, when there is a segregated district, it is seldom that prostitution is carried on as a business in any other point of the city.

This, you know, has been a subject always handled with kid-gloves. Not until doctors, physicians and nurses threw up their hands in utter despair, and such literature as "Damaged Goods" and the like were encouraged by these physicians and surgeons, were we ready to admit that the results of evil are so death-dealing, so life destroying, that the public press had to advertise it—HAD TO ADVERTISE IT, to save the nation.

Every "nice" magazine was condemned at the start for speaking plainly of "human nature," and prudish parents were deploring the fact

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that "unwholesome literature" invaded the sweet, clean papers, books and magazines. Then came our public schools, our learned men and women throughout the land who know that the only safe means of saving youth from sinful careers is to publish facts, not theories, and also must it be taught in our temples of knowledge throughout the land.

The supply of public prostitutes is apparently limited by the demand, while the number of "kept women" is constantly increasing. So long as the better class of men and women in higher social stratas will receive these fallen sisters and make social devotees of them as soon as they become a "sensation" or when they get before the public as "victims of men's perfidy" with, possibly a murder or two in the case, just so long will judge and jury

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be deaf to their evils, and society will send them flowers.

Do you pity the public wanton? Of course you do. But what burns deeper than the red-hot brand, than the knowledge that one of these women is known to destroy a good son—not one good son, but many. The yawning grave receives the victims yearly. Like human lepers they pass you on the street, sit at tables near you, go where you go, meet your friends, and become a part-of-your-very-existence.

It is said to be startling in its truthfulness the great number of "kept girls" in a city whose parental home is in the same city! Nor are these girls from the homes of the lowly. They are found in boarding houses and fashionable hotels, and only God knows their motive, for certainly the mothers do not understand these strange daughters who forsake home, father,

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mother, brothers, sisters, religion and friends to live lives of such utter abandon to moral principles that it is little wonder one despairs of reaching them, especially the girls.

If, despite all the safeguards of the law and the restraining force of religion, society continues this evil, if, with our clearer insight into this condition with our advancing civilization, courtesans increase in number; if, with our boasted education and the pride and help it promises us, women of respectability grow less chary of their charms—if the necessities of poverty and the luxury of wealth breed these species, is it not reasonable to suppose that something must be radically wrong in almost all classes of society?

So much has been said concerning the society woman who not only flaunts her beautiful charms before the youngest male guest at her banquet,

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but who likewise gives him drink, that society has long been regarded as the fountain-head and the real source from which this wickedness issues. Boys, just budding into manhood, our future men and fathers, mistake the social code for the real and only social life to pursue. In these homes of wealth and luxurious surroundings, where they meet fair butterflies of fashion, with everything on their backs and nothing in their heads, they quickly become a prey to these young females who, many times, are only wealth-protected wantons. And, if there be sweet chastity in this assembly, what more can it hope for than to gradually fall to the level of the men who debauch themselves, morally and mentally, then finally become husbands for such as the pure girl.

Last December a young girl, the

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daughter of a wealthy financier, was wedded to a young man who, while not wealthy in his own right, is the son of a millionaire. The wedding was notable. Assembled in the magnificent home was the best of society. After the wedding, or during the festivities, a young lady guest smiled into the face of her man escort and said: "We have had a delightful time, despite the fact there are no drinks." He turned to her and said, "It is the most sacred wedding I have seen in twenty years. I know of nothing more pathetic than our modern weddings where Love is debased by a lot of drunks. My God, my God, can't you girls furnish us better sights than that?"

It is a pleasure to say that the bride and groom of this beautiful event, by their combined religious natures, their first decided stand-pat idea for what is the right beginning in holy wedlock,

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have set an example that is being followed by many others, those who dared not do it, fearing the censure. Yet this drink is furnished elsewhere, and if man is difficult to control in placid nature, how much more so are his chances of falling from grace if his veins are fired with intoxicants! You tempt him, then condemn him if he insults womankind.

CHAPTER IV

NO VIRTUE WITHOUT TEMPTATION

Do men prefer the plucked fruit of the fruit stands to that which hangs in the first flush of its own fresh beauty in the dewy orchard of Youth? Not much. The dearer, the fairer, the purer your child, the greater does it offer sweet temptation. Few men turn from a fascinating Venus to watch a little cash girl, walking down street with a bundle under her arm. Not a student of Nature will tell you that "goodness" attracts a man. It may please him; but when did it attract him? The very ministers of our gospel who have defiled the cloth have done so more through immorality than all other crimes in the category of crimes.

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Why? Simply because he is human, that he has the weak link of human passion in his physical makeup, that all his prayers, creeds and fine logic cannot save him against the female who attracts him unless he is so strongly fortified against this "necessary evil" that he is—a power. Those are the men, if they can withstand temptation, who, really are the greatest power for good, for their lives are attuned unto the spiritual, and if there is no salvation in this age through the power of religion, one may as well say: "Throw open the gates!"

It is amusing as well as pathetic to see some howling reformers. They go forth to "wipe out" the segregated districts. They return home, wipe the sweat band of their new hat, and tell us the city is clean! Clean of what? Certainly not of this evil which is

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human nature reduced to lust, through a mode of living that precludes the opportunity to wed, even if marriage is desirable, and all the grand possibilities for the better and more perfect life, are drawn down and into the quick-sand of human degradation.

Prisons are full of crimes committed in the name of this sad offense. Go into any of our large cities where they have homes for unfortunate women and their fatherless children. There you will find the low, ignorant girl with her hapless babe; near her is a sweet-faced child-mother, the once precious daughter of a good mother, driven from home in her shame by an angry father, sheltered by charity within the shadow of her own beautiful girlhood home. There you will find the girls whose names they will not reveal; but who have, often, come far, hoping to hide their shame. And

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with the brazen wanton and with the little injured child-mother, you find a still lower class, a type of diseased woman, who, when cured, goes right back to her infamous trade! Sometimes a girl is rescued; but so often is it that a girl regards her disgrace as the unpardonable one that, if she fears suicide, she becomes, hopeless and careless, and a careless woman, the victim of man's perfidy, will ruin your son and laugh in your face. She has done it. She will do it again. Beautiful women, stamped with the public seal of shame and weakness, have done more harm in retaliation toward mankind than the world ever knew. Degraded womanhood, when it does sink, sinks to a serpentine level, and the red tongue that plays between lips that once were fair and virginal, is a viper's head.

Can these women be saved? Yes,

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saved in the flower of their virginal youth. But to save them it will take more than books, lectures, mother's love and prayers, and more than human strength can stand at times. You are not going to work against an ordinary sin when you go forth to fight a sin that means death and destruction. You have ever to remember that the physical makeup of every man and woman is just—so strong.

Virtue is not the lack of temptation. Virtue is temptation set aside. If there be no moral fibre in a young person's physical makeup, more difficult will be one's work with that person. How important, then, that fathers, not always mothers, should instill into the minds of their boys the fact that their son's bodies are not their own bodies, but the temple of Christ in which the young soul is kept. A

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boy does not understand this. Even the preacher cannot make him understand it. He comprehends only a physical condition; and here is where a father can give to his son the best lessons of life. And it won't be in one lesson or several; but it will be in the love and the guardianship of father and son from the boy's infancy until that boy is a man and takes a female companion into his own life.

Any brothel, let it be ever so fascinating to a youth, will destroy his finer sense of fitness where women are concerned. Many men never go to them. They know the fear and the danger. But those men are, if anything, worse than the frequenters, for their prey is within the sacredness of the home. So here is where mother and daughter play the part for the purity of the home. Here is where anxious motherhood honors her child

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and—God pity her—never knows who may ruin all the work of her love and years of untiring effort to support a noble cause in the soul of her daughter.

Danger? Yes, worse than danger, a precipice over which Virtue is hurled to death and, often, to damnation!

When you see the ragtime dance, do you see where it leads to? Possibly an evening's innocent pleasure, and, as likely quite the reverse. Street walkers and those others who ply hotels and rooming-houses invariably flock to the big city where the segregated districts are broken up. That is why Chicago is filled to overflowing with female prostitutes. They know before they come that the reformers who have caused "scatteration" have played something into their hands. How dare one offend a modest appearing woman in the hotel, cafe, railroad station? Not always is she gorgeously attired.

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There is something noticeably attractive in rich, fine raiment of a plain and studied pattern. Modesty itself was never more carefully gowned than some of these female vampires who are unrecognized by the desired victim. This type may meet your innocent girl today or make friends with the good wife. Humanity may be ever so careful; but it is a clever one who is not deceived by the woman whose wits are a part of her character in the underworld.

The official report in many places, where they wish to scatter these segregated people throughout the city, is to make more and worse prostitutes. This evil has flourished since the day that Rahab hung out the scarlet thread on the walls of Jericho, and all the ranting, theorizing, reform-wailers in the world have not to date been able to wipe it out.

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You can't reform society from the bottom; you must begin at the top. Man, physically considered, is merely an animal, and the law of his life is identical with the laws governing animal life. Continence in man or woman is a violation of nature, a sacrifice made by the individual to the necessity of law and civilization. The whole plan rests on one given point—wedlock. Men and women should marry. It is God's plan. Unfortunately, there are conditions in many lives which preclude the marriage state. This brings before us the class who, if not sinning through premeditated sin, are the victims of human nature.

For long ages woman was but a creature for man's caprice, the drudge or the ornament of his home. As the world advanced and matter was made more subject for mind—as Divine reason wrested the sceptre from brute

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force—woman began to assume her proper place in the world. She has stepped forth into freedom and is realizing for the first time in the history of her race that she is a moral entity—that even she, and not another, is the arbiter of her fate. And, unfortunate indeed, this freedom earned so sorely, is regarded as a license to greater freedoms.

CHAPTER V

THE WILLING SLAVES OF MEN

Women inhabiting disreputable houses are only a small percentage of girls and women living impure lives. The statement that the "White Slave" traffic has placed more than 200,000 women in the United States in the toils of sin is as huge a joke as was ever perpetrated upon the American people. There is scarcely a glimmering of truth in many of the stories of "White Slavery."

There are comparatively few girls in the United States today in houses of illfame who could not walk right out if they desired. They want that kind of a life and will scoff at the

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reformer and even kick him out if he does not get out when asked.

I agree entirely with that St. Louis editor who said "white slavery" is "largely a matter of choice" that the reports of such crusaders as young Mr. Rockefeller," is "only the same old red herring drawn across the trail of privilege"—his vice crusade a philanthropic butterfly chase to net the maudlin.

That women are exploited commercially, made the slaves of panders to an extent that would make the virtuous young Mr. Rockefeller desperate, that they love their slavery, extol their masters and display their chains with pride, is known of all men and of all women for that matter; but the young working woman who courageously declines slavery—for there is nothing compulsory in her sub-

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jugation—knows that she will be scorned of her sisters.

The worst part of this slavish propensity is that it not only prostitutes womans highest intelligence, but kills that desire within the heart which is the most sacred function of woman—namely motherhood. It is the vice of our time. If young Mr. Rockefeller desires to tackle a proposition that is a crying evil, let him tackle the office prostitute—and may the gods give him joy.

The young working women first become slaves of fashion and then the slaves of men. Men are often slaves of fashion too, but, in the multitude of men, how many such are to be found? A fashionably dressed man excites comment—if he overdoes it, as a few clothes racks do—ridicule. And with man devotion to the cut of his clothes passes as he scuttles down

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the years. But with woman it is different. Does age wither or custom stale her insatiate longing for the infinite variety of the very latest? And does she not get it in this era when styles change with every change of the moon? She will sacrifice anything in order to be suitably gowned.

The sacrifice! Time, patience, temper, not to mention beauty and taste—all go to make up the disintegratory force of it on character. And when woman is draped in all of fashions garb, is she satisfied? Not while plate glass windows reveal other gowns, perfectly ephemeral things draped on a form entirely dissimilar to her own; not while professional models walk up and down modiste's studios to demonstrate how perfectly lovely the thing is. She wants that gown, too, and she gets it, even though she has to become a "slave" to do it.

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A prostitute of Paris entices an artist to construct for her a daring costume that accentuates her every physical attraction, deletes her every defect. She shows herself as is the custom of her trade. The artist's work for her particular personality tells. Immediately press and camera are brought into requisition, merchants compete to secure duplicate patterns of the marvel and, in a space of time incredibly short, replicas of that costume, making women ridiculous in that the costume was not designed for them, appear on the streets of far cities, towns and villages. For "white slaves" love to show themselves in the market-place.

For a more pitiful procession, stand on State street, Chicago, or any great retail shopping street in any large city, at the noon hour, when the great stores are emptied of shop-girls.

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Notice how suitably those girls are dressed for their vocation—that cheap finery, the effort to be in the prevailing fashion. And if you study the procession at intervals of time you will see the fashion change pathetically. At what sacrifice? It is enough to make angels weep.

Underneath this madness for clothes lies tragedy, confined not to the shop girls about whom so much has been recently written, but to women in higher positions in business life. Young business women sell themselves for gaudy raiment the world over, sell themselves to labor, and to men. The lamps of the red-light district, and of districts discreetly obscure, are lighted by the willingness of working women to enslave themselves to man.

Much has been written and voiced as to the necessity of women entering trade—much is maudlin. Take out

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of trade the women and girls who enter it solely to procure stylish clothes and better conditions will prevail for the women whom necessity, not vanity drives there. For, be it known, that among the working women are a vast number who are not eager to deck themselves in finery and join the "white slave" Parade.

We have before us today a type of woman who is worse than the woman who is publicly regarded as one of the "bad type." It is the female, usually a beauty, who sells herself soul and body to the highest bidder, for the mere sake of tawdry trappings to bedeck her body. Nothing so important in all the world is presented to her narrow mind as the mere desire for the praise of men who admire her physique, her beautiful garments, her general appearance of the "stylish companion" most men are proud to

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escort where—God pity them—they would not be seen dead with the ordinary decent and respectable girl who does him less social credit. We have that strutting peacock of a man who couldn't see beyond a satin frock and a string of pearls if you gave him second sight, or endowed him with Divine sight. He wants other men to envy him. He has the opportunity to see his wish gratified. And you take the woman of this type, generally the love pirate of some rich man's office, and for a time, often a long time, she can do more with five yards of blue satin, a handful of glass gems, and a few loose morals than a good wife can undo in a life time. As soon as she tires of her tiresome old lover, or when his checks are not just what they should be, she shrugs her shoulder and moves on.

How can you reform these women?

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Here you have a type to whom morals are devilish. Women in the underworld often remain there for the sake of a mere livelihood—and that is less than the majority receive—but what of this better kept woman whose influence actually creeps like a red-hot flame into the sacredness of a man's own home? The private secretary in many instances isn't private about anything. Do not think this refers to the honest and noble women in this field of labor who are doing honorable office work. It refers to the "kept woman" who comes to the office when she pleases and leaves when it suits.

All men are not to be censured for keeping such women when you understand the truth in the matter; for there are wives of these rich potentates who are wives only in name. A man wedded to a society woman who lives

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a foolish, idle, life, who absents herself from her home, who has no children of her own and loves no one else's, is the wife of today who drives love from her home and sends "pirates" into her husband's office!

The quickest and surest route to any man's heart is through the channels of love and sympathy. No other route carries a woman to a man's heart. She may try them all; but a man is so devoid of happiness if denied these, and so easily are they obtained in the artificial life, that he goes the way, taking from life the living lie, knowing it can't last, hating himself for his sham, praying, at times, to free himself from it, and a man may as well try to lift his own soul into heaven with his own hands as to think he can save his moral self in a half respectable liaison of this kind. He must be clean, morally, or become an outcast.

CHAPTER VI

THE MAKING OF OFFICE VAMPIRES

I recently came into some facts on this subject, which may be interesting to some readers, and revolting to others..

A young Southern woman named Lydia Kerry is the "Secretary" of a man about twice and a half her age. This "gentleman" is a financier and a respected citizen. Although strewn along his pathway of life are the ruined souls and despoiled bodies of numberless young women. Lydia is his last and at present one of his most willing victims.

This young woman was born beneath the sometimes sunny skies of the great moonshine state of Tennessee, of poor,

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but honest, parents. Lydia grew up an impulsive, neglected but beautiful child of nature. A liberal diet of sweet potatoes, corn cake and peanuts, assisted on its onward course by gourds of clabber and an occasional taste from a moonlight still, quickly developed her lissome form, and running barefoot over the hills in joyous sport with the young mountaineers, gave to her a majestic carriage which Juno might have envied.

Thus the years sped on as years are wont to do, until an unkind fate directed her footsteps to Memphis. Lydia was ambitious and scorned the clumsy advances of the wide hat boys of her mountain town. In the city her youth and beauty attracted men to her. She yearned for the glamour of wealth, her soul mounted above her plebeian position. She met the Chicago man, conquered him, and he offered

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her a position as "private secretary," although she knew not a Pitman character from a war chart.

So the task of her undoing was easy. Her new employer bought her handsome jewelry, and gave her a thousand little attentions so grateful to woman-kind. And all the while he waited and watched with the stealth and patience of a panther for the psychological moment to arrive when he could, with safety, bring his prey to earth.

At last he has her firmly established in his office den. He plies her with wine, and with her body aflame, she responds. She bends low and whispers upon his lips, her breast throbs and her breath beating upon his cheek, sinks into his blood like the essence of poppy juice. A handsome girl. Not the beauty of ancient Rome, on which we gaze as upon some wonderous perfume plant wafted from an Elysian

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forest, but the sensuous beauty of the South, that casts her magic spell upon the hearts and souls of men

In the arms of this experienced tempter this young girl's whole nature is transformed. From a sweet, innocent girl she becomes the impassioned uncontrollable fury of desperation and desire. Her eyes are not longer those of a dove that illumines the pathway to heaven, but scintillating fires that point the way to hell. Her lips are not blossoming rosebuds, dewy as the morn and pure as innocent childhood, but the scarlet red of a body consumed with flame. Her throbbing breasts are not like young fawns that feed among the flowers, but marble spheres impurpled by the fires of passion and tinged with the sunset's glittering gold. The ancient lover softly strokes her loosened curls that stream like silvery storm-clouds over the well-

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formed shoulders, he takes the hands, heavy with the gems he bought, back from her face and holds them in a grasp so fierce that the beaten gold bruise the tender flesh.

This girl of the mountains, whose life had been lived among the birds, the flowers, the trees and men whose education though not great, their honor was strong, knew not that the hour was at hand when honor and womanhood were to be snatched from her keeping. The office swims before her eyes and everywhere she saw bowing demons welcoming her to the regions of darkness; her girlhood modesty weakens and resolves vanish beneath the accursed magic of her lover's kisses that fall upon her lips; reason departs as her blood becomes seething wine and rushes through her heart of fire. Then the bowing smirking demons turn to white winged angels and lay upon her

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burning brow a wreath of fragrant flowers—she is afloat upon a sea of happiness studded with brilliant diamonds, beneath a moonlit sky, the perfumed wind carrying her to a distant port of which she neither knows nor cares.

Like all temporal pleasures, prompted by passion, the angels and the flowers proved but a dream, the feverish lips and bruised bosom, the womanly pride grovelling in the dust, and girlish honor wounded unto death these alone were real. With an outburst of Southern temper, a cry of rage and shame, a cry that is both prayer and curse—a cry that rings and reverberates through the great office building like a maniac's wail heard at midnight among the tombs—she throws herself upon the carpeted floor sobbing and moaning because of the loss of the greatest of God given prizes—her honor.

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Is there sympathy in this lover's heart for this little ruined mountain girl? No, but there is fear of detection, and, quivering like a coward looking upon his death, he tries to hush the grovelling victim at his feet, and she wails but the louder and prays the Gods to curse her conquerer. The employer lover glances remorselessly at the girl, once so superior in her pride, now cowering, a thing despised, her jewelry and fine clothes her only recompense for her shame.

But as the night turns to day, and the sun casts its glittering rays over the vast wicked city, Lydia's spirits rise and, like many of her sisters, she accepts the inevitable and at the usual hour next morning wends her way to her master's office where she is still ensconced in the chair of the "Private Secretary"—for, be it known, Lydia still retains her personal beauty.

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In the lexicon of youth and beauty there is no word that carries the destructive power as does the word "flattery." Men find it more easy to flatter than to praise. And flattery is the death knell to virtue, as no man flatters the woman that he really loves. When a young woman meets a vile flatterer the devil goes out to lunch, and that is the dangerous crisis in that young woman's life.

So when the young and beautiful Rose Martelleau accepted the position as "Confidential Secretary" of the Vice-President of one of Chicago's vast corporations she at once became the recipient of reams and reams of flattery. She was told that she was beautiful as Rose of Sharron, as dainty as Cleopatra, as brilliant as Laura Jean Libby, that she was the acme of all graciousness—and she believed it.

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Beauty is often worse than wine, intoxicating both the holder and beholder, but, like an almanac, it scarcely ever lasts a year. Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Aristotle, that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid that it was a favor bestowed by the gods. I say it's hell—not to have any.

Rose Martelleau, the innocent beautiful child of nature, lasted as long as two almanacs, and then the wine, the late hours, the joy rides and general dissipation began to speak warnings to the fair beauty. As Rose's health failed her beauty waned. The girl who previously could bedazzle and beguile the sons of men, now only

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partially amused them, even at times bored them.

The Vice-President could not tolerate a complaining, ailing "Confidential Secretary" and, as Rose had no means of support, he aided her in securing a new position—with a friend. She held this position for a few weeks and was again shifted. She struggled on for a few months against insurmountable odds, and then gave up. She died within three years after accepting her position as "Confidential Secretary" to a Chicago "gentleman"—who makes it a practice to hire young and beautiful "Confidential Secretaries."

* * * * *

But Private Secretaries do not all wither up and die, I beg to state. Some grow fat and prosperous on the job. That is the case where the employee dominates the employer. Those are rare cases, but in the business world, as

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well as in the gem market, it's the rare jewels that are prized most high.

Della Blend was a country maid, born out among the crystal lakes of Minnesota. She came of sturdy stock and from her earliest youth dominated her brothers and sisters and playmates. She was ambitious and, as soon as she acquired the first rudiments of an education she cast about in search of something which might provide a promising career. To aid her in her efforts and to more firmly establish her efficiency in the field of commerce, she perfected herself in stenography and typewriting.

Our first glimpse of Della is as the Private Secretary to the Manager of a Utilities Company in Minnesota's metropolis. For the good of the service, or for the financial benefit of the corporation, officials of large concerns which deal with the public

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are frequently shifted from one city to another, depending on the extent of their usefulness and ability to "fool" the people.

Della's employer was shipped to a large Eastern city, and Della also shipped, for, be it known, Della had a good thing, and she did not propose to lose it no matter how often or how great the flight. This employer of Della's is either a good manager or a bad organizer, for within a short time he is again transferred to the world's greatest money-making center, Chicago. Della is also transferred to the world's greatest money-making center.

Fate has dealt kindly with her, as she has accumulated both flesh and finance. True, she is not much of a beauty, it is said, but what she lacks in that which attracts the admiring eyes of men she makes up for in brains. She finances the whole Blend family

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affairs, and it is whispered about that she directs the investments of her ancient employer.

Della has achieved success in the business world, but she has lost something that the wealth of Chicago could not buy, the privilege of wifehood and motherhood. She has accumulated money, but money is the devil's bait, and those whose minds feed upon riches recede in general from real happiness, in proportion as their stores increase; as the moon, when she is fullest of light, is farthest from the sun.

There is one name which I can never utter without a reverence due to the religion which binds earth to heaven—a name which to men should be the symbol of life, cheered, beautiful, exalted and hallowed—and that is the name of wife. A good wife is the rainbow in the storm of life. In the election of a wife, as in a project of

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war, to err but once is to be undone forever.

Business women who have been the office slaves of men make poor wives, if they ever reach that estate in life, for the reason that they are too worldly. Women like Della Blend, for instance, who have been commanding a large salary would not be attracted to a man unless he is a man of affairs. And men of affairs are not attracted to the "Private Secretaries" of other men of affairs, for the reason that they might be accused of poaching on someone else's preserves. And that is bad ethics among business men with "Confidential Secretaries" so it can be seen that an "attached" business woman is doomed to live her last days with her regrets.

Della is the real thing though, for she has an apartment of her own, or someone else's. Anyway she is

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managing tenant and lives what is called a "bachelor" life. True, her employer is said to be almost a daily caller, but I can't see where there would be much excitement in that, as eight hours in a private office each day with a man nearing the goal of three score and ten ought to take the glamour off of most any kind of a case. But maybe the old gentleman is a good samaritan and is keeping the tempters away from the buxom Della. Is Della a slave to man, or a slave to greed?

* * * * *

As I was seeking material for this story I met a young woman who to my knowledge had held various and sundry positions as "Private Secretary" to what is termed "Big Men." I induced her to talk and to tell me something of her positions and employers. She looked at me first scorn-

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fully and then pityingly and replied. "Were you not such a fledgling I would be insulted by your request, but, as it is, I am only amused by your ignorance," I can sum up the whole "Private Secretary" business in one word—Kisses.

"If a girl is young and pretty she must submit to be mouthed and mumbled whenever the boss feels so inclined—and he seems to be always so inclined." She stopped for breath and I kept quiet, this struck me as good dope, then she again proceeded. "I stayed with different men just as long as I could tolerate them. But, as the Moor of Venice intimated, there is such a thing as being entirely too much of certain things, so when the kisses became too plentiful I resigned."

This girl's name was Caroline Morganon, and five years ago she was

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voted a prize in one of the newspaper beauty contests—a plan which I might add has ruined the life and career of hundreds of modest young girls—she was swamped with letters and proposals of marriage and flattering offers of work. She preferred work first and marriage afterwards; she is not now equipped for either.

After listening to this young woman's story I must confess that, even after a variegated experience of some thirty odd years, I was surprised and shocked. Think of an innocent young girl having to submit to the kisses and embraces of some drunken beast of an employer, simply to hold her position! What position in life does it leave a woman in? Does it not kill her pride and sentiment? A woman should be almost as chary of her lips as of more gracious favors.

A sensitive gentleman would as

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soon accept a bride from Boiler avenue as take to wife a vestal virgin whom every lecherous libertine with whom she had come in contact in a business way had kissed. Why a modest woman, who has done nothing more than try to earn an honest living, should be compelled to kiss her employer is a puzzle.

A kiss should be a sacred thing—the child of a love that is deathless. It is the benediction of a mother, the pledge of a sweetheart, the homage of a wife. Promiscuous kissing is a casting of pearls before swine, a brutal prostitution of the noblest and holiest rite ever practiced by the human race. It is a flagrant offense against all that is noble in man and modest in woman.

* * * * *

But, not due to the lower instincts of man are all “white slaves” brought forth, some connive to attain that state,

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as was shown in the case of Kala Wheaton, a comely girl whose home is on the north shore of Lake Michigan.

Surely the madonna-faced woman bears the index of all that the soul must contain. But here we found a type whose very beauty was a mask to hide the deepest deviltry that could invade the heart of a human or destroy the sanctity of a home. Whether Kala went into the business world with a pure heart, reflecting the innocent face, or whether environment led gradually to her downfall, is not known. One thing is sure—to whatever depths she fell, she had the instinct of the female temptress that rejoiced exceedingly over her victims.

It began in the office of a man, one who was kind and gracious, seemingly. As his home life was unpleasant, he made friends with the sweet-faced girl. Quickly and happily grew the

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friendship which developed into a peculiar affection, then the final result where her honor meant nothing to her and less to him. They drifted into the sea of difficulties and cared not for the shoals. Then came the wife, pleading for a good wife's right. The girl laughed at her. This woman, a wife of rare honor and respectability, failed to touch the heart of the wanton who so ruthlessly had destroyed her home, so the wife returned to her girlhood home, bereft of love and companionship, her whole life destroyed by a madonna-faced temptress. Later a divorce ended the union.

The man met with business failures, and after a time he, too, left the city, thus throwing the girl out of his employment and "keep." She found other employment; but having known the artificial pleasures of the glittering life furnished her by the man, she was

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unable to live as formerly, so began her siren wiles on the new manager. However, in this instance, she failed of conquest. Just why is not known; but for the sake of some decency to the story, let us say the man was too honorable.

Kala, like most women who have passed the thirty-mile post, is not like wine, whose charm improves with age, and somehow even a Raleigh would hesitate before wallowing in the fragrance of faded flowers, contemplating ancient paintings and absorbing sweetened frost—the old maid's market is so overcrowded that they sell for a song, with a canary bird thrown in to supply the singing.

Think of a woman whose charms have grown mellow beneath the summer suns of some thirty odd years, standing in the aisle of time "in maiden meditation fancy-free" peering coquettishly

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into the surprised faces of creation's assumed lords, silently offering herself for a trial to the first taker for about the price of a railroad eating house sandwich—and seldom any takers. Oh, manhood, where is thy blush; Oh, chivalry, where thy shame? The peddling of self by old maids with damaged reputations and unclean bodies are suggestive of the devil's auctions held in days ago in Chicago's variety dives.

These remarks are not intended as a reflection on maiden ladies who have preserved their honor and reputations, but only for that class that are ever like the devil, fishing for sinners with an old sun-bonnet, fishing for men, and offering bruised lips and defiled bodies in payment for a good time or a home. A recent interview with the worldly Kala, brought forth this startling statement. "I am utterly disgusted with myself and men, and all that I hope

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and pray for now, is to marry some nice clean respectable young man who will give me a comfortable home."

During my interview we were interrupted by the unannounced entrance of two of her "best" lady friends, Both were little and old, and showed that the horologue of time had long since passed them in their struggle to retain their youth, for the drug-store bloom displayed its pristine brightness in their dry and wrinkled faces. Jauneta had but a minute, as she could not keep "Jack" waiting. Jack, I learned, was a married salesman whom Jauneta was strenuously trying to steal from his wife and children. When Jauneta stopped for breath, Mercedes the other member of the trio came forth, and with a burst of pride and eloquence displayed a diamond ring that "Pop" had sent her. "Pop," I was later advised, was Mercedes "angel" from

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up state. He was "awful" good to her and never "bothered" her but once a month or so when he came to the city.

There they were, the three of them, in a supposedly respectable rooming and boarding house. The old saying seems to hold true, that "birds of a feather flock together," and all the while the innocents are coming in from the country and settling down in "respectable" rooming and boarding houses—that permit gentlemen company in young ladies' rooms. With such associates, can you wonder that innocence and goodness are so rare! Impure women, like impure apples, contaminate the pure.

Where do these women seek their prey? In the winter, around certain dance halls, cafes, skating rinks and in the "movies." In the summer on the outer edges of the crowds in the

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parks, displaying their busts and backs in the sand piles of the bathing beaches, and in the new "mashing invention" the Jitney-bus. The "rooming-house hound" can often be seen with these unattached floaters. They are also the kind that flock to the "fortune teller" and resort to the matrimonial ads, as a last and forlorn hope. They become old men's darlings—for their bank-roll, and whatever else they can relieve them of. This class of derelict female is the most dangerous in the world, as they operate entirely within the law, and their conscience is so elastic that they imagine that they are eminently respectable—just out of luck, that's all.

But to return to Kala. What is the future for her? Her unholy association with the married man would damn her socially; surely it has blighted the flower of innocence in her very

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being; she can't be womanly, for she has not lived womanly; but lives there a man, any man, good, bad, or indifferent, who is likely to become the final victim of this woman? What would be his life in her keeping? What sort of children would be the result of this union? Would the following of a path that leads in and out among the murdering abortion doctors make for decent motherhood? Yet these vampires are not unusual. Alas, they are so plentiful that no man can really say that his own sweet-faced daughter is not one of them! That is broadly speaking, of course, though the vampire class that preys on the married man, this parasite that sucks the very blood from the veins of civilization is not always sitting in men's offices, but you may find her walking calmly to church with the prayer-book in her hand, or, else, singing in the

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choir, her voice mingled with songs of praise to her—Master! She lives, she exists, she has tramped the earth since the first dawn of creation. Who is she? What is her mission? Why must she exist? Oh, you who love honor, purity and goodness, live well, marry, rear your children in holy wedlock, shun abortion, live for God, the home and pure love, and instill into innocent minds the noble and honorable purpose of love, wedlock and children.

Some of these women are received in a certain tolerant or blind society. When it shuns them they become so desperate that they are reckless, not so much of themselves as the victims. Something of the madonna tenderness remains. It has been found in the faces of old hags who have died a wretched death after a life of "con-cealed" prostitution.

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There have been beautiful women over whom men have raved. The smile of a certain "lady," meant social favor on any man who received it; her frown was his downfall! She swayed the hearts of all men. Suicide was the result in some cases. One man was ready to slap the face of another man who dared to doubt her virtue. These men egotists felt themselves to be the favorite lover. She maintained her relationship on that footing with reserve and dignity—so much for the power of beauty. But her last feast was in a garret and her last meal was a mildewed crust. Men had died for her, the beautiful destroying angel of human love! "For Sale" has so often taken the place of madonna-like beauty that, unfortunately the stigma of dishonor really rests on the loveliness of many pure girls until their innocence is established.

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Love prays. It makes covenants with the Eternal Powers. It is aroused in endearments and rises from one gradation to the other, but always upward and onward if it is to thrive. Nothing more pleasing is a result of this God-given love than the old couple going side by side down the sunset hill of life, leaving behind them the memories of a perfect love, a happy home, their children, and the little world made up of their combined efforts to live nobly and well and, as near as possible, in accordance with the Divine plan intended for them.

* * * * *

Then there is the other kind of "white slave," the professional kind. The kind that induces "Daddy" to buy wine, to write fool letters, to take her to hotels on trips with him, and then rises up in all her virginal anger and demands a large sum of money to

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insure her silence. "Daddy" usually pays, but sometimes he don't, then there is a large sized scandal, at which "Daddy's" wife stands agast and suffers more than either principal. The Mann act ought to be revised so as to provide hanging for the professional "white slave" as she is as great a menace to society as the murderer.

CHAPTER VII

PHILANTHROPY COMMERCIALIZED

At the White Slave investigation held in Chicago, in March, 1913, many scandals were disclosed in connection with department stores and mail-order houses. I could not, although I were as vindictive as Ther-sites, and gifted with the vocabulary of a Carlyle, do justice to the cause of young women starved into prostitution by their *honorable* "millionaire employers," men as honorable as Brutus. When the President of one of the large mail-order houses, a concern which has used its millions of wealth to compete with legitimate business throughout the country, was put on the rack by Lieut. Gov. O'Hara, and asked

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point blank whether or not he thought low wages had anything to do with vice—he stuttered, and stammered, became excited, grew red in the face, nervous of body, and finally answered: “N-o-o-o,” in an inaudible whisper.

And what of this President, this Chicago Merchant Prince? Why, he is one Chicago’s “greatest philanthropists” and most public spirited citizens—the head of one of the greatest girl sweat shops in the world. Under oath he admitted that he employed 4,732 women—119 girls between the ages of 15 and 16 years receive on an average, salary of \$5 per week; 1,465 girls receive a salary of less than \$8 a week. This man admitted that his concern made a net profit in 1912 of more than \$12,000,000.

There he sat—the envy of no man. The sleek, well-fed philanthropist. A man who gives thousands and thou-

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sands of dollars to so-called charity. Thousands and thousands of dollars he spreads broadcast with prodigal hand and substantial newspaper notices. Money which has been wrung from the aching and emaciated bodies, heavy hearts, and faltering souls of the female help employed by this mammoth mail-order concern.

No wonder the State of Illinois was called upon to investigate the conditions of its working girls and women; as countless thousands of little girls between the ages of 14 and 16 toil in department stores and mail-order houses for starvation wages. Children denied the protection of home, the privilege of school, the teaching and environment that make for better womanhood and prepares them for motherhood—starving and slaving their lives away; wrecking health and spirit, and dulling their moral sense, while

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this President and his crowd admit piling up twelve millions of dollars profit in a single year. Shame on such philanthropists; shame on the State or States that will permit thousands of its little girls to become the victims of the greed of these philanthropists; to be ground to pieces intellectually, physically and morally, under the wheels of selfish business, when the law should throw a strong protecting arm about them and direct their young foot-steps towards the school house instead of the sweat shop.

Is a man capable of directing a business which will bring to its owners a profit of \$12,000,000 in one year incapable of determining the relation of low wages and vice? Does any sane person believe, for one moment, that this man does not feel, way down deep in his heart of stone, that hunger and want and ceaseless hopeless yearn-

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ing for just a little of the good things of life, and rest to the tired mind, drive the craving body and faltering spirit of the working girl over the brink of shame?

Philanthropic employers of little girls at starvation wages may go on piling up millions of dollars, but their path of business success will always be strewn with the wrecks of womanhood and virtue. Giving alms that were secured at the expense of children's souls is, indeed, a hollow charity. If the donors of ill-gotten gold would build fewer monuments to their own memory, and help save a few of the young girls in their employ, their chances might be brighter when they come to cross the river of death.

Everywhere in the city the working girl is battling with want, while our "philanthropists" send Bibles and blankets, prayer books and pie, salva-

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tion and soap, large donations and a big committee in a private car, to visit a job-lot of lazy niggers whose carcasses are not worth a Buffalo nickel in blocks of five, who wouldn't walk into heaven if St. Peter was asleep and the Golden Gate stood wide open, but, once inside, would steal the eternal throne if it were not spiked down.

Advertising, did you say? Yes, I fear it is. The Bible and then the Catalogue. But I would rather see the whole black and tan aggregation short on Bibles, than to see one white child crying for bread. The streets of Chicago swarm with able-bodied beggars; young men mostly, whom want often drives into crime. Human life is cheap; men are slain in the principal thoroughfares for less silver than led Judas to betray Christ. Young girls are sold to shame, and from

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squalid attics comes the cry of starving babes.

Not only that, but men, women and children in ragged clothing and worn out foot-wear, with empty pockets and hungry stomachs, are begging for a chance to work, begging for a job in some factory, packing house, anywhere and everywhere—but in vain. The city is over-crowded and work is to be had only at a premium. Not only is the city over-crowded, but it is over-populated and over-developed, and like all human developments—travels ever in a circle. Immorality and license, barbarism and ambition, civilization and sybaritism, dudism and intellectual decay; then, once more, immorality and license proclaim the complete circle.

And yet this world boasts of its great philanthropists; men who employ vast numbers of toiling mankind, and reap large profits from their efforts.

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Business, as well as society, is swept by the breath of lust and reeking with wretchedness, the hope and prospects of moneyless young men are crushed out by greedy grabbers for gold; abortion and prostitution is commercialized and mail-orderized; the sanctity of the home is drugged with wine and wealth; the divorce vies with the criminal courts in points of business. Thieves, grafters and fakirs abound. The slimy fingers of greed hide beneath white silken robes, hypocrisy and drunken revelry are the companions of wealth.

Under such conditions—Poverty and Depravity — can one wonder at the number of suicides! True, it is the coward that commits self-murder, after all blandishments of life are gone. Suicide is a most revolting crime, nor does any reason suggest itself to our understanding by which it can be jus-

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tified. To die, in order to avoid anything that is evil and disagreeable, is not the part of a brave man or woman, but of a coward; for it is cowardice to shun the trials and crosses of life, not undergoing death because it is honorable, but to avoid evil.

But to hang, poison, or drown oneself is not the only means of suicide. The person that destroys a healthful constitution or body by intemperance and dissipation, debauchery and unhealthful indulgences is in the sight of God just as much of a suicide as the despairing prostitute who drains the poison bottle while the cruel pangs of remorse are breaking a weakening heart and weakening mind.

It is said that remorse is beholding heaven and feeling hell. It is the echo of a lost virtue. There is no future pang can deal that justice on

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the self-condemned, he deals on his own soul. Frauds, crimes, remembrances of the past and terrors of the future, these are the furies that are ever present to the minds of those trembling on the threshold of death—*Suicide.*

CHAPTER VIII

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION

Love! He touched the secret of our souls who said: "Love. All other pleasures are not worth its pains." Each is a celestial soul unto its true mate! The introduction to this felicity is seldom alike in any two pure love affairs. A girl may love and marry her boy classmate, or her neighbor, while her sister's love call is like the trill of the bird that sits on the topmost bough, calling, "Sweetheart, Sweetheart, Sweetheart," and the reply does not come for years, then, more than likely, it sounds like an echo from some far distant mart—lives intended to blend in the perfect union of love

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in wedlock, but how often, oh, how often, the least divergence from the rightful course will change the whole destiny and happiness of two lives.

There is a certain divine rage and enthusiasm where love is mutual and desirable. Certainly it establishes marriage and we naturally regard its most perfect beauty, in a sense of romance, when youth holds sway; though statistics prove that early marriages, while promising fruitful results, have not been proof against great and tremendous disappointments. But 'round the real lover the muses sing.

All that can be said of marriage in youth is that the lover who sees his fairest picture in early years, will lose some of it later; he who knows it best in later years, will miss much of the beauty of earlier joys when innocence is blended with love and—ignorance. But the delicious fancies of youth

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reject the philosophy of the older man and woman, and abhor their philosophy, but all, let it be known, travel happily to their own Court and Parliaments of Love, so it might seem that, at some time, love must be our portion, real love, whether it ends in wedlock or ethereal dreams.

A little incident occurred a few years ago which is not devoid the real touch of love's romance. A school teacher found a letter speeding its way from hand to hand in a school room, hastened from lover to girl sweetheart. Naturally any written communication is not permitted there, and especially is this true where letters are exchanged in the school room. She told the story in this manner: "I rushed forward, caught the letter, then turning to my pupil, a young man of seventeen years, I said: 'Ben, you know the rules of this school. I

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shall read your letter to the whole school.' He came forward, held out his hand for the letter and asked me kindly to return it, saying that he would not disregard my rules again. I did not return the letter, but I put it in my desk. Later I read it. Never, to the best of my knowledge, have I read anything purer, nobler, grander, than the love confession of that boy for the little girl. It was an inspiration. His young soul was wandering in a world of love and romance! There was nothing gross in the tender words. It was as pure and hallowed as the love call of a man who would marry his girl sweetheart. I destroyed that letter. I was, indeed, a love iconoclast, for that summer the young man died. I believe that I destroyed something that was a part of the real love which was to be his small portion on earth. I have recalled that as the worst

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mistake I ever made in my class-room for I am certain that was to be his ideal love."

All romances worthy of notice have not ended in wedlock. History is a melancholy feast of narratives to make the very soul weep, for great love too often has known the deepest sorrow and we who cherish the ideal wonder why.

Love leads to marriage, or, at least, we so regard it. It may have established itself through finer ideals in the lives of our educated men and women though marriage rites, crude as heathen rites, were solemnized purposely to establish nothing more nor less than ownership of one's companion! The procession of the soul had nothing to do with it. Frequently, as is evidenced in many places today, not even the bride had any authority to say one word against what might be a loveless,

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undesirable, wretched marriage. Romance was unknown, but man's masterful power, the slave-owner instinct, was a law unto itself. Just what the women of these tribes endured is not known. Revolting, indeed, is the thought to all good women, of rearing children in wedlock to an unloved mate, and we know that marriage, whether romantic or shadowed with endless grief, is intended for the propagation of the human species. Children born of love unions are generally happy natured, while children born in strife are not happy, and even where there is no wedlock, when the mother has borne her burden of shame and grief, she most always imparts to her luckless offspring a certain melancholy strain from her disturbed brain. The vegetation of Love naturally represents our highest type of civilization. A soul that dwells in clay sees no flowers,

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pearls, poetry—the endearments of a romantic dreamer who would have music, song and love!

There are probably one million of women in this land living lives of legalized prostitution; who conceive children in hate of husbands they abhor, bring them forth in bitterness of spirit to be reared in an atmosphere of discord—offspring stamped from their very inception with the die of the criminal or the courtesan.

Yet the "Reformers" view with alarm the vast increase in the number of divorces; are weeping and wailing because women will not suffer in silence a bondage that is bestial—a prostitution pre-eminently the worst in the world, that of a loveless marriage. Day and night the doleful jeremids go up from these pious pharisees that the laxity of American divorce laws is imperiling the morals of the people,

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sapping the home and threatening to topple our entire system into ruin irremediable.

When we see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables, and their homes, without any inquiry but after their financial standing; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen under the glare of electric lights; when parents make articles for children without inquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers; and others throw themselves into the arms of those they do not love, because they found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them; some because they squander their own money; some because they are pestered with company; some because they will

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live like other people; and some because they are sick of themselves, I am not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when we find its pleasures so great that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them. Those, therefore, that rail against divorce, should be informed that they are neither to wonder or repine, that a contract begun under such principles ends in such disappointment.

Foolish "Reformers" appear to be harboring the hallucination that where divorce is not difficult, husbands and wives are taken on trial; that matches are made just for amusement or to gratify a prurient passion, and that women pretending to respectability

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change their lawful companions much as men of the world do their mistresses; also, that where it is next to impossible to break the marriage bond, it is regarded with greater veneration and entered into with much greater caution. Doubtless a few rouses and adventuresses might make a business of marrying if divorce could be had for the asking, but it is an insult to the better class of American women to suggest that any law could so demoralize them that they would deliberately wed men with whom they did not expect to pass their lives.

A great proportion of the wretchedness which has embittered married life, has originated in a negligence of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a sensitive plant, which will not bear the touch of unkindness; a delicate flower, which indifference will chill and suspicion blast. It must be

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watered by the showers of tender affection, expanded by the cheering glow of kindness, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus matured, it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life, and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years.

Marriage is holy only where there exists mutual love and respect. Such unions do not need to be reinforced by strict marriage laws. They mean much more than a "civil contract;" they mean devotion unto death, and would stand unshaken if every law known to man should perish from the earth. Only such unions should endure. All others are unholy and unclean—civil contracts to commit a crime against posterity—and should be dissolved. Those who protest so bitterly against divorce, who would compel people to live together after

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love has flown, appear to think the marriage ceremony a thaumaturgic incantation which sanctifies debauchery, a modern correlative of the ancient rites of Bacchus.

The number of divorces has, indeed, become appalling; but this is but a partial suppuration of the sore. It argues, not that divorce laws are lax, but that society is rotten. Martial misery cannot be decreased by denying it relief. If a woman does not love and honor her husband above all men, she might as well be in a brothel as compelled to share his life. If a man does not love his wife, happiness cannot abide in that home. Laws cannot make people virtuous or happy. They cannot prevent mistakes in marriages. They cannot guard the sancity of the home.

The early history of marriage is so varied, and its beginnings are so

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slightly removed from the natural or animal condition that no definite acts, as to whether the marriage contract evolved with the advancement of man, or whether it existed in the rudimentary state, are known.

However, the trend of logical reasoning leads us to believe that the institution is one of man, and the numerous cases in which, as an institution, it fails utterly would seem to convince us that such is the case. However that may be, it is quite evident that marriage and the knowledge appertaining thereto has in no wise progressed, as have various others of man's institutions.

In days prehistoric, women were thought of and sought after only for the purpose of gratifying natural desire. They were accordingly bought and sold, so much woman for so many hides or tusks or kine, very much

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(except in a rudimentary state) as they are today, among many of the so-called upper classes. After having purchased his partner, the groom would escort her to her new abode, box her soundly on both ears to signify that she had become possessed of a new master and the ceremony was over.

There are many records of tribes where the men and women lived together quite indiscriminately, there being no master or spouse, but each so living as his fancy dictated. Here, indeed, was variety the spice of life. Among certain nations the men of one clan were permitted to cohabit with the women of another particular clan, one clan being permitted to one other only. This method has been termed "group marriage." It undoubtedly was owing to the disfavor under which the primeval woman fell and to the destruction of female infants from this reason

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that the supply became entirely inadequate to the demand of the males in various large districts, and hence sprung the practice of purchase, a practice which became so established that women who were secured without this formality were regarded in the light of the prostitute and the offspring became bastardized. The traffic became a popular one with parents who, it seems, were wise enough to keep the supply down and the scale of prices ever tending upwards. There came a time, naturally, at last, when these prices reached a point which the would-be benedict could not or would not pay. Accordingly it came to pass that the aspiring warrior would band a few of his trusty friends together and swoop down upon the woman, carrying her away by main force, after which for the first night he was compelled to surrender her for

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the uses of his friends who had assisted him, then she became his exclusive property. There is a tradition that the chief assistant in these little sorties is today represented by the best man.

As civilization advanced and the significance of the procreation of offspring became more evident, the importance of marriage became greater and was celebrated at greater length, in which ceremony the barbarous customs came to be a part by symbol only, i. e., the woman would make a pretense of great grief and would apparently have to be torn from her friends by main force, after which she would moan and tear her tresses and, having reached the dwelling of her new lord, would huddle herself in a corner and glance at him from behind the disarranged locks, requiring great diplomacy to be coaxed forth.

In one of the East Indian tribes,

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upon marriage, the wife became the property of all the brothers as they successively reached maturity, and in many tribes to lend the wife to a stranger during his stay at a hut was considered the highest possible courtesy. The necessity for definition and ceremony in marriage seems to have been occasioned by the development of the right of private property, on account of which men desired some definite knowledge as to their offspring and heir. The marriage ceremony, therefore, as it grew of importance, more frequently became symbolical of the new relation as partners to a contract, than to sexual privileges, although sometimes the latter was symbolized, an example of which has come down to us in the custom of the marriage ring.

At the earlier periods, there seems to have been no action out of the ordinary

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other than a feast (to which the savage is always prone). Later the feast lasted for several days and even weeks. In the Malay tribes the man and woman ate pudding from the same dish, and in Brazil they drank brandy together from the same cup. In Japan they drank a fixed number of cups, in Russia a single beaker, and so on. In certain East Indian tribes the bride tied a cord of her twisting about the husband's waist, which was thereafter always worn. Other customs, such as joining little fingers, tying garments together, douching each other with water, being marked with each other's blood (India), tying hands together with grass (Hindu), the woman carrying fire to the man's hut (Australian) are notable.

Coming then to civilized customs, of which more is known, we will pass over them briefly. While in most

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countries the religion takes no cognizance of marriage, the ceremony usually is of a religious nature. The Buddhist considers the union of the sexes only a concession to frailty, a mere civil action. The Mohammedan regards it in much the same light, and the Hebrew likewise. The ancient Greeks and Romans had a religious ceremony with the blessings of priests, and prayers to the gods, but it fell into disuse. In Nicaragua the custom was for the couple, with small fingers clasped, to be led before a fire and instructed by the priest until the fire should be burned out, after which they were considered man and wife.

Thus it will be seen that through all ages there were only degrees of difference to attain the same end. A study of these degrees is useful and should be more so. The instinctive actions of rudimentary peoples should

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assist us to a correct understanding of ourselves. A failure to understand the simplest of these has caused many a ruined home and blasted life. How to know what woman to select or what woman not to select—that is the question.

You must start with a full understanding that however sentimental your ideas on the subject may be, and however revolting the association of so-called debasing thoughts with the object of your adoration (if there be such an object with you) the end of marriage is a relationship which is identical with the propagation of the race. There are other important considerations in this advanced day, but none so absolutely essential as that your consort shall be able to bear you a family and consent to licensed privileges.

CHAPTER IX

NAMELESS BABES, AND BABELESS WIVES

It is said that when a woman's first child is born, that the old dames of gossip, slander and malice, sit down immediately and count nine on their clawlike hands! An exultant cry of delight is heard from these old scandal mongers when the count is not nine. Yet, and we are told by medical authority, that these sisters who keep tab on others' secret love and grief, are not the only ones who figure in the world's statistics and discover that the first born is only too often conceived in pure love before wedlock!

The only theory advanced for this

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condition seems to give rise to two thoughts—unholy love and also a natural instinct to know if wedlock would be a suitable condition, knowing that in all religious honesty it is not a state of union for a day, a month or a year, but just so long as the contracting parties live! “Wrong” cries the old dames. “Right” whispers quivering Reason. “Shame” moans civilization; but the baby comes, the offspring of love, and the incident is never forgotten. Strange, as it is, we hear of the child born out of wedlock, or too soon, who lived and died long, long ages before we came here to trouble our souls with the reason of just living at all.

The subject of illegitimacy has been touched by nearly all great thinkers in their writings. Our public libraries have bulging shelves of books, written since the establishment of the civil

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code, to clear, if possible, the cobwebs of doubt and derision, while offering suggestions for purity and holy wedlock, so it will not be amiss, possibly, for us to do the same, especially since such persons as Scott, Hugo, and Hawthorne have delved into this subject. If for no other reason, and the reason of this book is for higher purity, we would learn from any source, ancient or modern, the possibilities and the consequences of this condition as it is likely to enter our own lives, for we want to broaden our views of the fallen sister. We are not thinking wholly of the scarlet sister of the night, but the girl who innocently goes wrong or is likely to go wrong, and the years of lamentable torture ahead!

First, then, as to the prevalence of illegitimacy. A few figures from statistics will suffice. The number of illegitimate children born in the war

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zones during the months of May and June, 1915, are numbered in thousands! More than twenty thousand—some say more—helpless babes, many who will live to replenish the earth, may ask the reason for their unwelcome birth. Can you answer it? Can I? Religion has been throttled to death in that war. Hell reigns. Is it or is it not the Divine idea of replenishing the earth, even out of wedlock, when savage men kill and destroy earth's species? Is it noble or sinful to break God's laws of chastity when such cruel deviltry lays waste a world? Will there be strength of purpose, greater religion, finer and happier possibilities in the future generation, made up of a world of illegitimate children? Have these mothers forfeited chastity for a cause, or has war destroyed their moral fibre while breaking their hearts and destroying their souls? Will the babe at the breast

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bring peace and love to hearts that grieve for their real love mates who, likely, had the war not occurred, would have married their companions.

In England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, during a period of ten years was made known the record of 500,000 illegitimate births, averaging about fifty thousand a year. In the British Isles careful investigations have been made and preserved, while in other European countries there has been some research, but research in no way is so exhaustive. In the United States of America, so far as observed, the rate has been almost three times as great, the comparison deducted from statistics of large centers of population, i.e., Washington, D. C., Chicago and New York City, compared with London, England. At a rate of increase corresponding with the increase in population, the figures bring us startling

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conclusions, showing that annually 300,000 women are prostituted in the United States! It would, without doubt, be safe to say that there are between one hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand victims. From what classes these spring is herein shown:

4,706 were servants.

2,443 were from factories.

985, country or rural districts.

607, seamstresses.

831 were from homes unemployed.

59, daughters of professional men.

385, widows.

The author of "John Halifax Gentleman," says: "No one can have taken interest in the working classes without being aware how frightfully common among them is what they term a "Misfortune." How few women come to the marriage altar at all, or come just a week or two before maternity!

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This, of course, applies to a very low class of people for whom the social ban has little or no terror, their sense of pride being burdened by their greatest handicap—ignorance, illiteracy, evil environment and no pure enlightenment of purposeful womanhood. Women of the middle class are the element which frequently go on the street and are known as the “priestesses of the night.” This avenue of life, more wretched than any written words can convey, is a pathway to utter destruction and death. While women of the street have been saved and every effort is made to protect them, only too often they despair of ever regaining a woman’s good place in the world, consequently return to the street—worse, far worse in their wretchedness, and vastly more dangerous in every evil respect.

These women will tell us that they

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are selling their body for the means to provide food for a child or children, sometimes a whole family. After all, is it so strange? All the world turns from a fallen woman; she cannot work; she cannot hold up her head; there is nowhere to turn; curses, rebuffs and contempt are her portion. Self preservation being the first law of nature, is it strange that the starving body knows no other law?

In practically every railroad station of any size worthy of notice in America we see women whose duty it is to care for the stranger who comes within the city gates, to help those who come friendless and need immediate assistance.

In a well-known station came the forlorn Magdalen. No lower could she sink in the depths of sin and degradation; but she asked help of a charity sister at the station to place

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her. For hours and hours these charity women tried to find the disgraced woman a home. They were not so careful where they sent her it occurred to me, for I was talking with one of the charity women, but they could do nothing for her. She was unwanted in a city of thousands. She had no place to lie her head. She was a burden and a disgrace—with a hope in her heart, which likely, had it been fulfilled at the time, would have been to her dark soul like the dawn of a thousand days. They sent her out of the city because the city did not want her and could find no place for her. Whose fault? Did she sink lower and lower? But that was impossible, or did some good Samaritan see in her a soul to save? It is not known what was her fate, we only know she was, poor girl, a human outcast on the whole wide world!

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The fallen woman, the expectant mother, who has no hope of shunning her fate, who, so often does not know anything for self preservation, knows the law stands over her with its terrible penalty if she risk death to escape shame! Can you bring yourself to picture the terror and the anguish of the woman who makes the discovery of her condition? Before her mind rises up the hell which awaits her. She sees herself wronged by the man, shunned by her associates, disgraced to her friends, and often disowned by parents—especially a father. Which is better, to let the babe live and be cursed on earth as many children are so injured, or should it die at once? But here is where “Thou shalt not kill” holds the wronged one in awe of the Almighty God and His vengeance—God, man, all humanity against her and a helpless little life coming, that is

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the innocent cause of a living hell and earthly torment. But often the result is murder.

Statistics show us that out of one thousand illegitimate births the mortality in infancy is seven hundred, while of the lawfully born only one hundred die, i.e., nearly five hundred of every thousand illegitimate children are murdered.

Sir George Graham, late Registrar General, is quoted as having said: "If the mortality were not greater among illegitimate children, every fifteenth person in England must be of illegitimate extraction." There is no doubt that in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand families is the strain of illegitimacy! This again exemplifies the plan of nature in evolution, for such propagation, even though at the expense of individual happiness and honor, does much in admixing the

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blood and imparting that vigor to the race which is so essential. The tendency of marriage (the social code) is always toward the union of equalities. Such unions when too long continued, as in many inter-marriages, result in degeneration and frequently hopeless idiocy, inferior mentality, cripples and lunatics.

Let the men who would cry out against all who have the stigma of illegitimacy upon them remember that all persons so born are not weaklings, but quite the reverse, though strength and power from this class of persons find themselves in the minority. There were Napoleon Bonaparte, William the Conqueror of England, Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru, General Burgoine and Marshall de Saxe, of illegitimate birth. The Bishop of Orleans was the son of a maid servant at a public hostelry in Switzerland, and knew no father.

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Alexander Hamilton, famous in American history, was of lowly birth and bore the stigma. Da' Alembert, a master mind among writers of his day, a grace to the Court of Catharine II., and Frederick the Great, and honored by the Pope himself, was picked up soon after birth in the gutter of Paris, a foundling. Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose, was a bastard, as was Erasmus of Rotterdam, whose name is most honored in the Chronicles of the Renaissance. George Sand had the same strain in his veins. Alexander Dumas, himself an illegitimate son, was the grandson of a French Marquis and a slave woman of San Domingo. Abraham Lincoln attributed his power of analysis, his logic, mental activity which distinguished him from the others of the Hank family, to the fact that his mother was the illegitimate daughter

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of Lucy Hanks and a Virginia gentleman. (Note that it was the mother influence which gave to this country—Abraham Lincoln.)

Therefore, all you women, if through ignorance, misfortune or weakness overstep the bonds of the social law, when the temptation comes and plants in your heart the seed of murder, tear it out, root and stalk, and sturdily face the result. If the child be the offspring of great love then may you know that the years of disgrace and scorn which mayhap must be faced are as naught to the happiness which this offspring may bring you.

Truly, men have strange and very peculiar ideas concerning such marriage, as was evidenced only a few years ago when the idea of "trial marriage" was introduced to a shocked audience. The idea of ten years wedlock with the privilege of sundering the sacred

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ties of relationship for any reason—no just reason, provided the separation was desired—was nipped in the budding, so we are told by the honest, though very indignant, wife of the man who proposed this freak institution of marriage. This—then from man! Less debasing in every respect is the mating of animals, many of which, if a companion die, seeks no other—though the one that lives be the male! The leopard is known as a moral animal, following a sex instinct of choosing his female companion, the same one year after year in rearing their young. The great need of the two parents is shown in all animal life. It needs no explanation. A woman cannot give the proper attention to a child and make her own living and one for the child. That many do perform this miracle is evidenced through a certain form of martyrdom, which we

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term heroic, in cases of widowhood; but the eternal fight for a living leaves its unmistakable scars on the woman. But the woman who brings into the world an unwanted child seldom has the necessary assistance to merely exist. This is because in the more respectable homes such "events" are not permitted to become public news.

In the city of Paris (and in many other cities) there stands a great palace, the residence of a practitioner of medicine. Its foundation is built upon dead children, and the key to his fortune spells murder. One of the kindest acts of our clean advertisers was to wipe out the medicines intended for criminal purposes which, while carefully worded, conveyed to anxious ones the chance of relief from disgrace, though the medicine was dangerous and was more likely to cause death to both parent and child. But youths

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bought it for sweethearts, and anxious girls got it themselves, and many, perhaps, were the exultant motherless who were wicked patrons of these drug institutions selling death to ignorant womanhood. This sale of preventatives continued for years and years, if you yourself can recall just how long you found them in your daily newspapers!

So many difficulties conspire against many young men marrying women of their choice that the vast army of hard-working, earnest men, are hoping against hope, while sweethearts are working too—and waiting. Romance, so sweet and precious to youth, is necessarily destroyed by the existing materialism of actual conditions. The love-in-a-cottage romance fails to please most women. Commercialism plays its part too strongly and the maid who, years ago, wed the man of her

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choice, helped him by slow degrees to make a home and a living, today has sons and daughters who have inherited none of the parents' lowly acts of mutual help in their love. They expect too much and give too little.

Said a young business man not long ago: "I want to marry. I really and truly desire a home of my own. My whole life is directed toward a home of my own. But how am I to get the right woman for that home? If I take a young woman to the theatre, I must send flowers, have a machine of my own or hire one, purchase the best box-seats, take her to supper, and repeat this indefinitely, with other expensive expressions of my affection. I may do this for months, then see her with other men who, like myself, are paying the same price for her society! The humblest maid is likely to be the most

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extravagant wife. I see men who toil all day going to their suite of rooms in a fashionable apartment or hotel, only to find their wives absent, or refreshed and resplendent for a night's gayety at some place of amusement. Men are leaving their nights of eager dissipation when they desire to wed. Home to them is the attraction; but you don't find the right women who want the positions, and it is too expensive to court them anyway."

That was the speech of a young man, not quite thirty years old, bright, fresh, clean, honest, a man who is steady in business, a "comer" and who would make a good wife the best husband on earth. His position is similar to thousands of others who, rather than wed these purse-mad, wild, joyous girls are losing all desire to wed at all—and many of them never will.

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Perhaps one of the saddest sights in the city is that domicile, frequently known as a private boarding-house which contains a mixed element of men and women. There you will find innocent young girls whose minds are as fresh and pure as the dawn of day; there you find the shoe clerk whose salary will not permit him to wed; there, too, is the crafty lawyer, a bachelor, wise to the ways of man and maid, and forlorn in his unsettled state; there abides the old lady, tottering on to her grave, while in the room beneath her is Julia, the prettiest young widow in the city, whose "uncle" supports her, but never calls to see her. In a back room is the dark-eyed girl who sleeps until noon, then goes down town "shopping" and wears fifteen dollar shirt waists every day in the week. But—here SHE comes, the woman whose hair is as dark as the

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tresses of her little daughter. The child has the eyes of a wild rabbit. Often she is alone—and what is so lonely as a precious little girl in a big, lonesome boarding house? This mother is corrupt. The landlady needs her money. She keeps her there. She comes and she goes. Wise in all her unholy ways she—that type—is the siren who goes after just such boys and young men as I have just narrated. They loathe her. They despise her. But somehow or other her tentacles of wiles will wrap themselves around the chosen youth, and—she gets him. She robs him of his ideals, she steals his manhood, she leaves him moneyless if she can, then goes back to her room and shares the bed with her innocent child. A snake coiled around a white blossom is her true position with the child that cried itself to sleep when she

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put her to bed and went out on her mission.

The general supposition is that the human family is the only family of creation that demands affection in the relationship herein described. The loss of affection kills the natural desire of association; yet thousands of divorces are granted each year because, through the lack of love, everything else goes wrong. Love makes quick amends for any injury, hurt or wrong. Where this tenderness is lacking comes the indifference which causes every form of misery in wedlock. This is one reason why parental interference causes so many unhappy marriages; this, too, is why many girls, even more so than young men, if disappointed in one love affair will turn to another, seemingly finding exactly the same measure of pleasure; but who, later on, awakens to the greatest grief the young heart

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is to know. Marrying for spite is almost as common as marrying for love. All its teachings have not destroyed the conduct which leads so many maids to the altar, just to show what they can do.

A noted judge of the city court was once asked which class sought the divorce soonest? He said that the disappointed matron who had not married for love, but money and position ranked first; while the lowly class held on to their vows year after year until driven by immorality or drunkenness of their husbands to seek relief, while all other cases were not worthy of notice. Another office, hearing many distressing cases of a lowly class stated that ignorant as are many of our foreign women in this country, the one great offense to them is immorality in their husbands—all else being excused. Aristocrats fight

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the divorce courts with their millions; while the poor woman in her mining hut home will suffer the agonies of the damned, bring children almost yearly into the world, and finally, heart-broken, seek the divorce—never to wed, of course, as practically all foreign women are Catholics.

It being so well known that love, kindness and human expressions of tenderness are so essential, it seems a wonder that any man or woman would consent to the holy rite of marriage who is not certain that he or she is certain of that love which will suffer at the very best through many vanishing dreams that can never come true.

These fearful conditions then are what lead men to wrong modes of living. This is why women are not safe with most men. Not a wife is left untried when a man chooses to wrong a girl—and the one he is surest

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of is his false love, for the woman's heart turns first to love and there is her weakness. This, coupled with the thoughts of possible marriage, has made more human wrecks than almost any other known vice. Weeping girls, expectant mothers, hardened criminals who seek Homes of Refuge, like "Homes For The Friendless" are all ready to tell you of blithed love and hopes. Yes, marriages do result from these terrible conditions—frequently the happiest marriages—but it is mostly the contrary.

The sex call is so essential, even as it is an instinct in the animal and the fowl, that the intelligent must consider it first of all, and to disregard it may mean the one great barrier to a happy life.

CHAPTER X

FROM THE CAFES CAME SHAME AND DISEASE

My business in life has been such that I have frequently been obliged to visit all manner of places. I have talked with the inmates of the foulest dives on this continent. The barrel-house, the gambling hell, the brothel. I have seen former "inmates" begging at the back door for a crumb of bread, or for a drink of whiskey to stimulate the human wreck. I have seen hate—the madness of the heart. And I have seen jealousy end in midnight murder. Love and Hate and Jealousy are fires that burn as brightly in hearts steeped in crime, as in those in maudlin humanity.

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Many refined educated young women were found in those harbors of sin—women who gambled their all on a cowardly lie clothed in the garb of eternal truth. Three causes I learned were the principal reasons which led these young girls to forsake the “straight and narrow path” that is supposed to lead to everlasting life, and seek the irremediable way of eternal death. False love, automobiles, and drinking and dancing in the public cafes.

It is not a very long step for young girls after they begin taking auto rides with young men they scarcely know. The natural sequence is plain to most persons who have made a study of thoughtless girls and their love of fun. They are as putty in the hands of the men they meet. Their ruin is but a question of days, often hours. For, when pretty, young girls go out by night in joy rides with chance

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acquaintances there isn't much left but tears and shame. Broken hearts, shattered reputations and the merciless tattle of the evil-minded gossips who hound the steps of the unthinking through long days and nights become the portion of those who "just love a good time" and are not circumspect in pursuit of it.

The human vultures in the shape of men have no hesitancy in calling at the homes of their intended victims, while foolish parents look on and smile at the frolics of the young. Then come the cafes, the private booths, the glass of wine, then the bottle of champagne, and the dance in the "open space" and around the tables. The wine suppers come more frequently and, step by step, while their hands touch one another's, the girls are led down and down into the valley of despair from which there is no route of return.

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Little by little they gave themselves to the joys of the evenings, and closer and closer they approached the crisis against which all pure and pretty young girls must constantly guard themselves. When the time came they were unequal to the test, and they confined themselves to their male keepers, body and soul. It was not a long, but a sad story; such a pitiful tale of weakness instead of wantonness. It was their secret, their romance—poor, blind young things. They had given themselves to the worst of men “and the darkness came on quickly and the gloaming turned to night.”

Fond fathers and mothers sit many a night in tears and look back upon tiny graves of those whose little ones they have held and wonder if, after all, Death is the worst thing when it comes and stretches its hand over the cradle and takes away the child.

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There are some things that are worse than death. The destroyers of these homes and young girls have done a terrible thing.

* * * * *

Along with the automobile and the cafe there is another contributing factor to the downfall of young girls. It is the innocent, and almost necessary telephone; which has become practically indispensable in both business and home. The telephone is a wonderful invention, and yet, did it ever occur to you that it was a most devilish little agency? As an illustration, just read the following conversations:

The man at the phone was good looking and his clothes were immaculate. He sported a nice, cute little mustache, a cane, and a white rose in the lapel of his coat, which signified that he belonged to the society of

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Purity. He stepped lightly into the booth and lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Give me Garfield, nine, ninety-nine, operator, please."

"Hello! Who is speaking please?" Mr. Traveler! "Wrong number, pardon me, please," and he walked away with a smile on his face.

An hour later the man, the nice clothes, the cute little mustache, and the cane, and the rose, came back. He again picked up the receiver.

"Nine, ninety-nine, Garfield, please," he said.

"Hello! Who is this, please?"

"Sweetheart, I'm at the Hotel. Called a while ago but Daddy was there. Told him I had the wrong number. I want to see you so badly. Get your hat and we will take a long walk up along the bank of the river, it is

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quiet up there and no danger of being seen. I will meet you in ten minutes, near the tree." He rang off and hustled away.

* * * * *

She was sitting in the parlor trying to read, but she couldn't. She was young and pretty, only seventeen. The color in her cheeks showed health and vitality and the beautiful brown eyes were full of merriment. Time was hanging heavily on this young thing. She was thinking of that wild young scamp of a sweetheart whom her parents forbade her going with. She was alone now. Parents and everybody were gone somewhere. She could not read, try as she would, her mind traveled somewhere, as the minds of girls at seventeen usually travel. Pretty soon she "traveled" to the telephone.

"Lakeside 2222," she called.

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"That you, Jack?"

* * * * *

"I am home all alone. Everbody has gone to the show. Won't be home for hours. I am mighty lonesome, and really I am afraid here all alone."

"Oh, will you come? You're a dear!"

"No, there is absolutely no danger. Didn't I tell you that everybody has gone, and will be gone for hours? I am alone and just crazy to see you. Don't be a fraidy cat. Sure, I'll turn the lights out, and meet you on the porch."

Jack came up, and the lights went down.

* * * * *

He was a sporty-looking stranger. She noticed him on the street and, strangely, he noticed her. She entered a modest little house and a few minutes later the sporty young man stood on the porch talking with the young wife.

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"Can't I come in for a little while? He inquired.

"I don't know whether it is safe or not right now, said the "faithful" wife. Wait a minute and I will find out."

And going to the telephone, she called—

"Wabash 515."

"That you, Charlie dear?" She sweetly asked.

"Will you do something nice for me, dear? On your way home to lunch stop in at Soakum's and get me a package of oyster crackers, please? Oh, well, if you are not coming home until dinner, why I can have the grocer's boy bring them over in the meantime. Thank you, dear, but don't bother, I just wanted them for your own sweet self. Good bye, dear boy." And she rang off.

The sporty stranger stayed until nearly dinner time.

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Is there anything that can beat the little telephone wire for deviltry?

I have seen disease in its most malignant form. Young women turned into veritable monsters by means of that dread disease syphilis, their faces eaten away until nothing remained but a seamy flat surface of scars and ugliness. Often the lips have disappeared entirely, as well as the teeth and gums. Where did these women get the disease? From a man. A miserable low down scoundrel who thought more of self gratification than of the preservation of humanity. In many cases the offending cause was the woman's husband.

There are something like eighty thousand sufferers in Chicago from syphilis. Many are young men who, in "sowing their wild oats," caught the vilest disease that ever befell mortal man. These young men consult some

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quack Doctor, as a rule, and after a few weeks' treatment are pronounced cured. They marry, and blind and crippled children are the result. Little old withered, bloodless babes are the natural result of syphilitic parents. Young women should hesitate long before giving themselves to men of whose health they know nothing.

There are no laws on the statute books which tend to protect a young woman from the syphilitic beast who cozens her into marriage. We have many laws, committees and reform associations for the purpose of discovering this sin—this accursed plague, but none to remove it. The man affected with this dread disease who marries inflicts upon his wife the grossest insult imaginable. He makes her the victim of his past unholy passions and degrades her to the very level of the prostitute who gave him

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the disease in the first place. He has created between the wife and the prostitute a bond of relationship. The poisoned blood of the one courses through the veins of the other and the children yet to be born. Not only the body of the young wife has been soiled, but the mind as well, and her dignity and modesty have been tainted by contact with the wanton and the libertine. Her love, her hope, her happiness, have been struck down ere they ever had a chance to bloom, and in their stead comes physical and moral decay, her future is over-whelmed with the vileness of her position. The scandal and humiliation of it all makes her long for an early grave.

A diseased woman told me that after she became affected with the disease she became possessed with a passion, a hatred for men, and vowed to destroy as many of them as she could. There-

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fore she took all who offered themselves, old and young alike, if they paid all right, if they didn't it was all right too. "I paid back to the male tribe what they had given me. It was fun for me to meet them afterwards and hear them curse and rave. I have despised men from the day of my ruination. But afterwards I just had to do it in order to eat. For you know the syphilitic is not a very welcome guest, even in the lowest dives in the vilest part of a vile city."

The Press, its influence and interest in the Vice question? There was a time when the principal business of the press was the publication of important news and the expression of opinion anent matters of moment. In those days the follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, were so many admonitions and warnings, so many

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beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a debauch? What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy than an auction of estates, houses and furniture? Is not this a sermon on morals?

But many of the "great dailies" that once went in for glory and aspired to decency, are not now averse to accepting a fat fee for championing some particular interest, regardless of the general welfare. "Scatteration" appealed to certain interests, as it reduced property values in the districts formerly segregated. Money

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interests "grabbed" the deserted property, held it for a time, then sold it for "business" purposes at a magnificent increase.

When the "great dailies" are not "elongating" the leg of some corporation with a legislative ax to grind, or boosting some political aspirant with a large bank account, they are courting the pervenues, who are ever ready for the front page — puffing society "queens" for a consideration, and bowing in obedience to the dollars of feather-headed dudes. The daily press has degenerated from a public educator into a professional scandal monger, from an inculcator of sovereign manhood to a pitiful flunkey that serves for hire, panders to a vitiated public taste for stray pennies. This may be strong language; but this mighty Yankee Nation will recognize it as the gospel truth.

CHAPTER XI

THE MERRY MAGDALENS

How often do we see, we men of the "loop," anxious fathers and mothers seeking "lost" and wayward daughters in the crowds of State Street! How often do we read of the pathetic appeals to the officers of the law for aid in their search! About one per cent of the "lost" daughters are ever found. Why? Because, either through shame or inclination they never reveal their hiding place. The ordinary girl craves respect—even when she has fallen low.

Very seldom does the unhappy struggler who attempts to fight her way upward from the underworld, get away from the stigma. The rescue workers

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see to that. The condescension that is shown her awakens nothing but bitterness while she broods over her uncertainty. She stands alone. She is prevented from finding congenial companions in the new life. She is denied any friendships upon a basis of equality.

Let her win a girl friend, and let her seek to deserve that friendship of some girl who is pure and wholesome, and some meddler immediately regards it a duty to speak in "strictest confidence," of course, to the new friend, and to say that while the subject of the rescue work is behaving now, is making a womanly fight to put her feet upon honest ground that "there is a past that you should know" before you compromise yourself. As long as the girl is the subject of the rescue worker she is branded "confidentially of course," as one who loved not

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wisely but too well, or words to that effect.

There is no place which redeems the faltering ones in the underworld like the little mission where the workers have tasted of the bitter fruits and have dedicated themselves to the glorious work of redemption—not reformation. It is the narrow-minded, intolerant zealot in a work he does not understand, who has put the word “reform” into the list of the most hated words. None but the broad-minded and generous can really find their way to hearts bowed down—none but ones with big and sympathetic natures are fit to carry on the work of human reclamation. It is the censorship of the cussedly clean which makes the life of the striving girl a living hell.

Every line of argument leads us back to the best reformers who, right

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now, can't say they have cleaned a city of its evil. The reformers have but agitated the work. The home is, indeed, the battlefield for every reform. Unfortunately there are homes where no moral fibre is in their makeup. There are children born and bred under such great and terrible immoral influence that it will take years and years to cleanse the little ones of their miserable existence under such pathetic influences. Here is where the school or the institution caring most for the children must plant the first seeds of purity.

In the very beginning of this work against immorality a well known eastern professor of a boys' college was said to remark: "Give me a boy and girl from four years to sixteen, and I can train them to live moral lives, and I care not who has them after I get through with them." A broad

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statement, true, but strong morals are not easily broken; or, if they are, there is usually a quick re-adjustment and the broken link is stronger than ever. Moral purity cannot stand without a strong base, and that which is most essential is health and intellectual training.

When the people of a nation are almost universally poor, sexual purity is generally the rule. Simple living and severe toil keep in check many natural inclinations which luxury and idleness are sure to corrupt. But when a nation becomes divided into the very rich and the extremely poor, when waste and woeful want go hand in hand; when luxury renders abnormal the passion of the one; and cupidity, born of envy, blunts the moral preceptions of the other, then, indeed, is the nation delivered over to the world, the flesh and the devil.

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Beautiful in all radiant girlhood charms is a young woman whose office for a time paid but a meagre sum in one of our large department stores. Her downfall was quick and disgraceful. When making a confession before a hard-hearted judge who was hearing her case in court, she said: "I know I am beautiful. But when I stood in that store and saw rich girls who came there with plenty of money and could buy with money or checks what I could not get with a year's earnings, I could not resist the temptation to steal."

"Were you not proud of your personal beauty?" asked the judge."

"My physical beauty pleased me; but I wanted lovely clothes, and though you may sentence me to prison and hurt me all the days of my life; yet I still feel as I now do. I want to live like the girls who come into our stores

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and seem so well dressed, comfortable and happy."

True, her temperament is weak. Back of it lies the desire to attract. Attract what? A man, with the view of marrying some man to pamper her vanity. How can our reformers meet this type? What would you do with her if she were your child? Suppose you cannot further her purposes and must leave her to her own plans—what then? God only knows. And God must direct the salvation of such girls who have no holier or higher ideal of their bodies than the thought that there is a framework of ivory bones and beautiful flesh made into a—clothes rack.

A beautifully gowned woman with nothing but a pretty face and a frilly dress of tissue is about as interesting as a six week's old kitten that plays with its own tail. But the queer part

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of the whole thing is the girl plays her big part in the lives of nine men out of ten.

Save her! Save her! Save her! Don't tempt her with money. Once she was the innocent little babe that slept within the curve of a pure mother's arms. Her baby mouth was made for love kisses; her eyes were made to reflect heaven to a good man; her body is the temple of motherhood. Save her soul and body, you human vulture who would laugh at the girl for a day, then waddle off to your old fat wife in her country home where she is giving a card party. Save her—ask God how if you don't know how yourself!

CHAPTER XII

VIRTUE LIES IN LABOR'S ARMS

As formerly said, it is, after all, the poor, the hard-working, earnest ones who have less to fear, since labor at all times has saved one in the pursuit of all evils. The sons grow up useful, self-reliant men; the daughter industrious and virtuous. Unfortunately in the wide comparison between the children of wealthy parents and those of poorer ones, there is created an envious unrest, and a most pathetic one which confronts the young women who envy the more fortunate young women in what, apparently, and frequently is, a more comfortable position in the social world.

In many instances where a poor

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girl has seen nothing but the eternal home warfare for the elusive enough, knowing that life under such conditions is robbed of many pleasures, real and artificial, she begins a vain and foolish plan to dress fashionably, always, too, with the hope of captivating some rich man who will be a safeguard against future poverty and want. A greater mistake never was made, since only too often men who can supply this great need are such great offenders in the moral world, that any woman giving in exchange her virtue itself for the tawdry trappings of dress and surroundings, will learn that a prison is not the only place which makes one a prisoner in this life. Bound to a man who is wealthy, unclean, immoral, a degenerate in everything, but faultless attire, seems tremendous odds against the girl and a natural lover who would be only too glad to work for her.

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This brings us back to the man who fails to gain the affection of the woman he loves. All his work, striving, honesty and sobriety, sink into insignificance at the approach of a flippant youth with a this-year model car! What does he do, the man with his heartache, his loneliness, his utter despair? Denied the natural life he earnestly longs to live, he seeks the next best.

Every woman in this world is a power unto some man. When a man loves a woman and she knows it, she can do more for him, nine times out of ten, than can his own mother! If she fails to develop the finer characteristics in him, she denies him the greatest help that God ever expected of her! And if she drives him from her love and discourages him in what is tender, clean and good, she sends him into this class of men that we mention in these pages. We do, indeed,

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stand agast at the evil created by men in the name of love, and we ever shed a tear of pity for the unfortunate girl who is a victim of man's perfidy in the confidence of her love; but just as great is the flagrant sin against a young man when a woman of his affections deceives him, destroys his life, and leaves him to a life of temptation, for temptation is greater in the carnal sin to a man than it is to any woman.

Religion and higher education are paramount in the creating of a moral uplift. Scholastic learning is not educational nor helpful. It is the education of the finest qualities in the child that is necessary, and this will mean years and years of help to further the cause. One might say that the work done today is for all future generations, since we naturally expect great opposition early in the fight.

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A few years ago there came into the lowly camp of an Ohio mining town a great many foreigners. Among many of the Polish people were lovely daughters. These people, in many instances, were quite ignorant; but there was one noticeable feature—the girls were wonderfully well guarded in chastity. Few, if any, associated with men companions who did not have the guardianship of one or both parents. Younger children were born, entered our public schools, learned of a freedom which their elder sisters never knew, with the result that this liberty of action as well as speech has long since smirched the purity of that class of lovely girls.

A woman who made a life study of this condition in our country, made the statement that, of all human sins, the one of immorality is the most difficult to reach. In speaking for herself, she said: "I was a teacher in

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a college and my girls came from the best homes. I believe they are the most discontented young women we have. In my philanthropic work I met fine young women, and others who were hopeless, it seemed. But I soon learned that in the palatial homes, the domiciles of these young women we envy, were crime, strife, lack of religion, innumerable vices, drunkenness and hearts that ached and knew no rest. A wife held out her jeweled hands to me and said: 'See the new ring my husband gave me yesterday. I do not know whether he gave it to me because he loves me or because I help to make a show for him.' Then, bursting into tears, she complained: 'I do know he is out of town today with another woman.' "

Do we ape this for heart pleasure; do we work, toil and live but to come within the border of this? And, is this why our pure daughters debase their

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womanhood to secure money for the furtherance of a sin-lighted pathway that leads to endless trouble?

Someone has said that we have exceptions to the rule, and they make mention of certain queens, ladies of fashion, well-known actresses who trampled the social edict beneath their feet. But have they? So long as a certain name is mentioned in this world, and her remarkable career is narrated, just so sure will this notorious actress, let her art be ever so artful and clever, come before the flaming light of public shame, and her sin, her wretched immoral sin clings to this day to the hapless offspring in her—grandchildren! The whole world knows her as a defiant prostitute, and so the whole world will recognize her. Ages cannot efface her total disregard for her womanly purity. Being popular has not saved her. It kindles the

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flame of her scorching sin. But—men admire her and they take their wives and their daughters to see her act. Queer, isn't it, that men will commit murder in their homes when this crime is discovered against dear ones; then disregard the offense and pay a price to see—the victim of another's shame? But we must be amused. Someone says that a certain actress is strong enough to mount the empyrean despite the serpent coil which drags others to perdition, that she compels the world to tolerate, if not forgive, the black stain in her heart because of the divine radiance which encircles her head. It is today as it always was, *that which will blemish the fair Diana leaves no mark upon the iron Hercules*. The pardon comes only from the One Forgiver. And God who made us, our strength and our weakness, must know too that tallest poplars

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will gracefully stand in the tempest and tornado when noble oaks are sure to fall.

Why is this? Because of the human side of it all! Because illicit love is not guarded, that it is too easily accomplished. While many will remark of distinguished women who have been impure, nevertheless, are they not regarded as weaklings after all! Is it not to uplift this type as well as the innocent girl in the heyday of her youth that this work goes on? Is it not encouraged and honored when chastity is discovered? Certainly.

There is a certain actress who has won the title of being one of our most modest women. Seldom is her name mentioned that it is not followed by some glorious remark concerning her unsullied womanhood. She took chastity for her "Mascot" of success and womanly pride, and while some

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notorious actresses who have lived otherwise may receive the plaudits of men and women, far less is their glory than that sweet, stainless woman who greets you with her virginal smile and pleases you with her divine acting, and leaves you with a moral uplift in your soul when you leave her house. Has she gained anything? Everything. And what has she lost? Nothing.

Society makes of its men and women what it will, then sits in judgment. Then what salvation is there for us? There is only one way. The world is naturally honest. We make it less so. But the world's attitude toward the fallen woman, once her disgrace becomes public, saves her not; and during the past few years the world has been equally harsh with men in the higher walks of life who, for the same offense, have been socially banished and removed from public office and

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denied the society of men and women who were near and dear to them.

Who is to condemn or to save? The press has done its part nobly and well at times. The pulpit has echoed the call of salvation since Christ came to save the world. The feeble effort on the part of men and women to offer their wholesome homes for the habitation of the woman of the world and her scarlet sins has met with a jeer and a hearty laugh. Who wants the woman who has been drunk, brazen, indecent, though made decent and respectable, to come within the sacredness of one's home? Only a false ideal holds up the purity of the act. We would save them, we say, but let it be away from our homes. And that is just the extent of much so-called reform-religion that will not tolerate the woman, let her sin be what it will.

When centuries of civilization have

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failed to purify a world of this sin, then what can be done? For a woman to win back the respect that she has lost she must begin her life anew, and in a foreign place. Even then she may be discovered and her truly penitent heart is torn to shreds. But she is paying her price. Then the work must begin with the children. The hardest day's work a minister ever did was to talk to a stone-hearted audience, when not a word of wisdom made a dent! You must make your attack on the youthful heart. The old leather bellows of a man's heart beats mostly to the tune of his own pleasures, and is not easily penetrated by words of warning. The old rounder, as he is known, never thinks, it is said, until he sits half paralyzed in his chair, rheumatic in soul and body, diseased, discouraged, feasting with Death, then he intertwines his pain-tortured fingers

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and says that God has brought him to that state to make him think. They do say it, they always say it. They simply want to live wrong and die right; and nine men out of ten live and hope that their sons will not follow in their footsteps.

Bitter poverty is where sin brings in sweet modesty with her bowed head, her weeping eyes, her broken heart. We have heard and know of such cases where a young girl with dependent ones looking to her for financial support had resorted to this shameful and disgraceful life for—mere money. It is to reach the heart of these poor souls that the work should extend and save. *God never put a woman in this world with shoulders too frail to bear her burden.* It may be deep, hard, grievous; but He has never exacted the soul of one of His pure girls to make material ease for others.

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Better far a cry to our public benefactors who relieve such distress than the sale of a girl's soul for that purpose. At the best it seems that the victim of this life does not regard her purity in its right sense, or she is full of false pride. The noblest women in the world are widows. Take them with their little children. They feed, clothe and educate those children, teach them the laws of life, guard them to noble manhood and lovely womanhood, and if a widow can do this and be an honorable woman, why say a girl with dependents must resort to sin to live? She does not. There never was a road so rough, so stony, so hemmed in with briars and tangled with weeds, that a smooth pathway cannot be made out of it.

But so long as the devil clinks his gold and Bacchus leads the dance, and when youth stoops to folly and hearts

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spurn God's love and protection, just so long will the hard-working leaders of men and women have a difficult time to destroy this evil. Since even marriage does not always help abate the crime in one direction, but frequently increases it, the only means is for better living in all lives. The work must be so largely official that, unless we have proper officers to discharge their duties, who are going to be an uplift and a help, one might as well stand and blow his breath against the high wall of Gibraltar, expecting it to crumble, as to talk his life out against impurity, where segregated districts become scattered districts, and the harlot and the virgin live side by side and their lives are made unwholesome by the very rottenness of contact. Even prayers with purpose cannot accomplish any more than work with an effort, directed by noble

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men and good women. Even the gracious aid of the Almighty has something tremendous, for it is work against the original plan of human life which has its incentive in the propagation of the species, and even when greed and gain are not the principle cause of this crime, we have something deeper to fight, a condition which is the fire of life in the embryonic stage of future generations—life itself—even when robbed of any desire to sin for earthly gain. No wonder love pirates defeat God's plan. War on nations is nothing compared with the wars of human conflict in the battle of—just living.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".













